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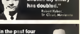

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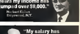

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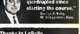

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AUGUST 1974

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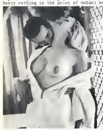
INSIDE FOR MEN

While 65% of all women are virgins at marriage, over 90% have seen and touched a penis. Most have engaged in necking and heavy petting to the point of mutual masturbation, with 25% admitting to having experimented with oral sex.



"Technically" Virgins

NEWEST INDUSTRIAL HAZARD TO BE DISCOVERED HITS MEN IN THE PLASTICS INDUSTRY. EXPOSURE TO VINYL CHLORIDE LEAVES THEM WIDE OPEN FOR RARE TYPE OF LIVER CANCER. EXTENSIVE TESTING NOW GOING ON TO CONFIRM THE STATISTICAL EVIDENCE.

The number of men earning over $100,000 who paid no federal income tax rose from 276 in 1971 to 402 in 1972. And 99 whose incomes topped the $200,000 mark also paid zero.

WITH FOREIGN-BASED U.S. EXECUTIVES FAIR GAME FOR TERRORIST KIDNAPING, THERE'S A MAD RUSH TO GET INSURANCE COVERAGE THAT WOULD PROTECT AGAINST POLITICAL HOSTAGE-TAKING.

Wife-swap devotees report a new twist to their mix and match variety of sex. Where husbands won't go along with a foursome deal, wives of the two couples involved have often worked out this arrangement: the two women will spend the night with each of the husbands separately--one night in one house, the next night in the other. Men like it because they have the women to themselves with no feeling of having to "compete" sexually.

With 150,000 elephants still roaming Kenya, and the expected danger of the herds being decimated by drought never materializing, hunters will be permitted to shoot 600 elephants a year. Of the 600, 450 will be reserved for foreign sportsmen.

OVERWEIGHT MICE LIVE HALF AS LONG AS THOSE OF NORMAL POUNDAGE, BECOME SLUGGISH, STERILE AND OFTEN DEVELOP DIABETES. IN ADDITION, THEY HAVE LITTLE OR NO SEX DRIVE. HUMANS--TAKE NOTE.

Hard-working executives are more likely to be impotent than their employees. As a result, they will play the field and enter into numerous extra-marital affairs in an effort to recapture the sexual excitement needed to stimulate them.

OUTSIDE THE LAW

RISING CRIME RATES GIVING ADDED IMPETUS TO DRIVE TO BRING BACK CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN ALL STATES OF THE UNION.

Death Penalty Sought

Shoplifters in self-service discount stores across the country walked off with a billion dollars last year--about two-and-a-half percent of annual sales--which added a whopping $21 in price in-

(Continued on page 42)

when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Holkey

Starting with borrowed money, in just eight years I gained financial security, sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it on less than $1000 of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion anyone in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf. Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount—less than $1000 and that amount I could borrow. I could work it as a one man business while getting started. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop rent, no other overhead. For transportation I could use the trunk of my family car. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) But best of all there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume I could build. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build this little by little or as fast as I wished.

"So I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later I would hire men, train them, pay them well and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And what is Duraclean? It's an improved space age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist recently signed a contract for over $40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start for less than $1000. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

By HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.

1. **I'm a 21-year-old housewife with a 7 month-old daughter, and I'm afraid to talk to my husband about something. As a teenager, I was in a correction home and had sex with another woman. Now I love my husband and enjoy sex with him, but I also crave to have sex with another girl. My husband has said he hates lesbians. What can I do?**

J G Pennsylvania

You might sound him out about three way sex, involving him, you *and* another woman. If he doesn't go for it, your only choices seem to be sneaking a lesbian relationship or going without one.

2. **I am 24, my girlfriend is 19. A short while after we started having intercourse regularly, she asked me to use a vibrator on her—because she can't come during normal intercourse. Is there any danger she will become dependent on the device and therefore never able to climax normally?**

R L Ohio

Sexologists have found that a vibrator usually helps rather than hinders development of a woman's ability to climax during intercourse. By all means use it!

3. **I've been dating this girl for several months and have thought seriously about marriage. But a couple of weeks ago, something weird happened; we were having an argument, and I put her over my knee to spank her. It really turned her on, and she gave me the joy of my life. Now she keeps asking me to do it again. I can't help worrying that this is perverted and will interfere with our marital happiness. Am I right?**

B D Wisconsin

"Perversion" is a philosophical concept, not a scientific one. If she enjoys being spanked, I know of no valid psychological reason not to spank her.

4. **Are there positions that help prolong intercourse?**

M J Connecticut

Most couples find that lying side by side or with the man on the bottom makes sex last longer. The usual "missionary position"—man on top with his legs between the woman's—usually is the worst for making the act last.

5. **If you can't get a girl to have intercourse when you're alone, is it a good idea to take her to a wild party where lots of people will be carrying on?**

T P Montana

Most girls who are reluctant alone would be even more reluctant in a crowd. But if you've tried everything else, go ahead—the worst that can happen is nothing.

6. **Is it possible for a man to be potent with his wife but not with any other woman? What is the explanation of this?**

L G Vancouver

Extramarital impotence is one of the more common varieties. Most likely it's the result of guilt feelings about infidelity or of anxiety about being unable to perform satisfactorily with the new woman.

7. **I've seen ads for an artificial vagina that can be used when you can't find a girl. Are these things any good?**

O P Mississippi

Men who have used them report that they're slightly better than manual masturbation, but certainly no substitute for the real thing.

8. **Is it true a girl will enjoy sex more if you squirt champagne into her vagina beforehand?**

P T Ohio

It's a new one on me. I'd think you'd be better off having her drink it!

9. **Is there any way I can tell if my girl-**

(Continued on page 56)

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IT'S A DEAL! I want to build up my weak, thin body into a Powerful Muscular Dynamo. Send me your Book, "How To Build A Strong Muscular Body". I enclose 25c in full payment. I am under no further obligation—no salesman will call on me.

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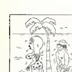
LAST LAUGHS



"Well Sailor we made it to land . . . what do we do first, set up some sort of distress signal?"

The starry eyed newlyweds checked into the posh hotel So enraptured were they by their desire for each other that the world could have collapsed around them and they would not have noticed it. Then at last they were behind closed doors

"Oh darling darling" she sighed passionately

"Dearest love of my life," he panted "how I've waited for this moment" And then—in a sea of sexual ecstasy—they consummated their marriage

A few minutes passed and then the groom felt a hand tapping him on the shoulder while a voice said "Uh excuse me buddy"

"Wha—what?" the groom said dreamily and as he looked up he saw a crowd of people standing by "Hey what are all you people doing in our room?" he thundered

"This isn't your room buddy" the man who had tapped him on the shoulder replied "You're in the elevator"

◆◆◆

It was the new intern's first day in the maternity ward and he wished to familiarize himself with the patients "When do you expect your baby?" he asked one of the women.

"September 8"

"And how about you?" he inquired of the next woman

"September 8" came the reply

The woman in the next bed was sound asleep so the intern asked the occupant of the neighboring bed, "When is this lady expecting her baby?"

"I don't know" the woman answered "She didn't go on the company picnic"

◆◆◆

A retired Army officer met his former orderly on the street one day and hired him for the same job the orderly had done for him so many years in the Army He told him that he could start exactly like he used to by waking him up every morning at seven

The next morning at seven o'clock sharp the orderly strode into the retired officer's bedroom shook him into wakefulness and then leaned over and spanked the officer's wife on the backside saying to her "All right baby it's back to town for you"

◆◆◆

An attractive callgirl attended a revival meeting and was caught up in the fervor of her surroundings "Glory, hallelujah!" she shouted leaping to her feet "Yesterday I was in the arms of Satan and today I'm with the Savior!"

Came a masculine voice from the rear "What are you doing tomorrow?"

While attending an engagement party given by his friends, the young man boasted of his past sexual exploits "You know" he declared, looking over the assembled guests, "I've slept with every girl here—with the exception of my sister and my fiancee"

"That's interesting" his friend replied dryly "Between the two of us we've had them all"

◆◆◆

"I must insist on knowing one thing" said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite "Am I the first man to sleep with you?"

"You will be darling" answered his bride "if you doze off"

◆◆◆

In the darkness of the all but empty theater balcony the couple embraced so passionately that the man's toupee slid from his head Groping to find it in the darkness he reached under his date's skirt

"That's it that's it" she gasped

"It can't be" the fellow replied "I part mine on the side"

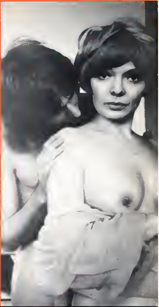
"I'll flip you to see who opens"

Dr Wolff cannot reply to readers questions individually but the interesting questions received monthly will be answered in this column Address all queries to Dr Hermann K Wolff c/o STAG 575 Madison Avenue New York N Y 10022

Undercover Adventures Of A Vice Squad Man-Woman Team

WE ARE THE MIDWEST'S LEGENDARY "PIMP PATROL"

as told to
HAL MOSNER



To infiltrate and bust up the vicious flesh market running

GOD WAS GOOD TO ME the night he handed me Phil Slater on a silver platter A squad car answering a disturbance complaint in a building where half the tennants were prostitutes, found a hooker named Doris Haley lying in a pool of blood on the floor of her apartment Her face had been used as a punching bag, her nose was broken some of her teeth were scattered over the rug and her right cheekbone was fractured She also had a broken arm

If there was any doubt to who had worked her over, it was cleared up in the emergency room of St Luke's hospital Her breasts were crisscrossed with razor slashes—they were Phil Slater's signature

Twice before he had mutilated, in the same manner, the breasts of girls who had wanted to leave his "stable" for another pimp The women involved were all too frightened in the end to press charges, and Slater got off My interest in that sadistic sonuvabitch dated from that time—more than a year ago.

Doris Haley was one of Slater's girls When she saw herself in the mirror after the stitches pulled her face back together she became raging mad

"Mad enough to swear out a warrant for his arrest? ' the Captain asked her

'You bet your sweet ass'"

When the Captain handed me the warrant, I could have kissed him My partner, Kathy McDowell, did it for me.

We didn't have *(Continued on page 64)*

By the time we were called in the whores on Peacock Ln were terrified

Behind one girl's mirror a camera was recording everything for blackmail

Massage parlors were the plums "Managers" raked in 75% of all "tips"

If any prostitute refused "protection" her next john convinced her

Some pimps held their women with sex Driscoll bought all of his girls with dope

A backup crew made the arrests once we'd gotten enough evidence

wide open, she had to play hooker, while I was her "daddy."

MAFIA KIDNAP

By ERNEST T

Art By Earl Norem

He had started it, but he could feel Julie picking up and increasing the pace with her internal rhythm. Her breathing changed, becoming faster as her hips gyrated in wilder patterns. Almost primitive in their demands. They drove at one another with such intensity that their bodies started to clear the bed. Nails ripped at the flesh of his shoulders as she moaned with each new thrust. She arched her back and they ended in an aching pause.

Then suddenly there was the sound of shattering glass and splintering wood and they were there. Four of them. All moving closer to the bed and all carrying guns. The tall one with a nose that looked like it had come out second best in a bar fight, gestured with his revolver as he spoke.

'Get your clothes on sweetheart, we're going for a little ride.'

Chuck sprang from the rumpled sheets. 'Who the hell——'

The hood *(Continued on page 50)*

He was squeezed between two kill-crazy mafia factions—one had his girl; the other wanted her. And neither would hesitate to wipe him out if he got in their way.

As Chuck rode the big Merc black through the doors, La Bianca's men began blasting.

FIRST-NIGHT SEX TECHNIQUES THAT WORK BEST

By DR. JANE CALDER

"RAY REALLY WORKED hard at pleasing me. Before we made love the first time, he massaged my clitoris for about half an hour. I practically had to pull him on top of me to get him to have intercourse.

While making love he kept asking if it felt good, and whether I was comfortable, and would I prefer it if he moved a different way. He didn't ejaculate until 45 minutes after we started—and I think he would've held off even longer if I didn't fake orgasm. Then, a few minutes later, he started massaging my clitoris again.

"All told, we made love four times that night. I was exhausted midway through the second, but he was trying so hard to please me I couldn't bring myself to say I didn't dig what he was doing.

"I suppose many girls would give their eye teeth for a superstud like that, but I frankly can't hack the pressure of his kind of high intensity sex. After that first night in bed, I stopped seeing him. It's a shame because he was really a nice guy. Under other circumstan[illegible] like him a lot."

The speaker is [illegible] 23 year-[illegible] waitress. She is [illegible] several dozen women I asked to [illegible] ...ctable' sex experiences with [illegible]. (An experience might qualify [illegible] ...ble' because it was good or [illegible] bed.)

Interestingly, my [illegible] first-night experiences out[illegible] good ones by more than th[illegible]. Equally interesting, 84 percent [illegible] who had been turned off by a [illegible] first time in bed never slept with [illegible] again.

But most interesting of all [illegible] the reasons men displeased their partners. Predictably, the standard complaints of roughness, lack of concern for a woman's feelings, too much haste, and too little genuine affection were amply evident. But in many other cases, the reverse was true: men tried *too hard* to please, and in the process made the experience distinctly unpleasant.

What

(Continued on page 46)

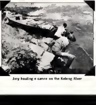
"When I give myself to a man that first time, I'll knock myself out to let him know I'm doing something with him I don't do with every guy who comes down the pike."

Ingen chief of Rawan and me

A witch doctor

Typical house

Jmy with a funeral dancer



Jmy hauling a canoe on the Keleng River

Doll used at witch doctor's child healing ceremony

OP17 [illegible] 1st Sta. 3-18

Chief Ohharok and me, after our "marriage."

MY LIFE WITH

TRUE BOOK BONUS

A child's casket.

Tewoh Panggul's mother and me

Sapundu a statue of a dead person

Rounding up pigs for blood sacrifice

Dyak girl with deer head for dinner

Sjahsuri and me on the morning after our brother-sister ritual

THE HEADHUNTERS

"Fifteen of us began the journey, only half walked out months later—wasted by malaria, starved to the point of eating our own clothing and haunted by terrifying Dyak blood rituals."

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE

MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

By WYN SARGENT

"THIS DYAK VILLAGE. We stop!"

It was the night of our third day in search of Borneo's Dyak headhunters. Panggul, our Dyak guide, had been squatting on the helm of the boat for hours, his hands dangling loosely over his knees, when suddenly he had stood up and yelled that he'd spotted the village.

The old engine gave a clunk and stuttered to a stop. We drifted a moment, listening to the current of the Mentaja as it tugged us downstream until we hit something soft. Panggul leaped over the side of the boat and disappeared, leaving us wondering what to do.

The mudbanks rose fifteen feet straight up on both sides of the boat, and the village of Sapin clung like a piece of river fungus to the top of the closest bank. Camouflaged by the jungle, cemented into the jungle, the only telling that it was there was to see one tiny roof top jab its point through the growth.

Panggul abruptly appeared where the jungle parted a little, and he cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled, "They have funeral tonight. You all invited!" And then he disappeared again.

This bit of news spirited the escort into becoming worried men. They worried themselves with their minds, and they worried each other with their eyes, and then they worried everyone with their clothes. They changed into full uniform, pulled on their paratrooper boots, cursed at the laces, and then slapped helmets on their heads.

All of them fixed bayonets at the ends of their rifles.

One of the soldiers forced a piece of brown cardboard against the barred window to cover the opening, and then sentried himself behind it. He peered out through the sides whenever he thought he heard something.

This soldier and one other agreed to accompany us into the village in civilian dress if they were permitted to hide pistols under their shirts. The remaining eight flatly refused to go.

We sat down to wait further news from Panggul. As we waited, the air filled with the edge of some cutting fear, a fear of an unknown and unfamiliar thing.

Hours dragged by.

The men sat on the floor and tried not to look at each other. Some of them smoked, and the others just stared ahead without seeing. I could hear the pounding of the man's heart sitting next to me, and my friend Sjam's breathing had become hard and irregular.

We had just about resigned ourselves to the very worst, when a terrifying noise broke out of the village of Sapin, splitting the jungle air wide open. The noises sounded like natives howling, and sometimes yipping until the cries turned into the shrilling screams of wild beasts. Then there was a thudding sound on the ground made from the pounding of bare feet. More cries came, wailing cries, and still more stampeding bare feet ran over the mud-packed earth, and all the while the sounds were coming closer to the boat.

The men looked at each other with wide eyes, bewildered and puzzled, and a few jumped to their feet, grabbing their guns as they rose. A clenched fist shot through the window of the houseboat and the cardboard popped and collapsed. The wooden bars were sent to splinter in all directions.

Panggul's face poked itself against what was left of the window frame. His cheeks were bright red as though raw, and the rims of his eyes were shot with blood streaks. There was a shiny, milky liquid on his mouth, and a few drops of it coursed their way over his chin and onto his already wet shirt. His eyelids drooped nearly half shut over his wide-set eyes, and he had great difficulty keeping his face centered in the window. He put his hands against the boat to steady himself and squeezed his eyes together apologetically.

"Please to forgive. I drunk with *tuak*."

He addressed no one in particular. Tuak proved to be a remarkable beverage. But I was to learn that later.

When the screams finally subsided a little, Sjam whispered to Panggul that only two soldiers would be going with us into the village, and she asked if there were any dangers.

(Continued on page 88)

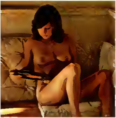
From the book MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS copyright © 1974 by Wyn Sargent. Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

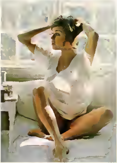
"I Remember Martha"

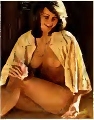
stagmate no.1

Martha Radford

It was nothing but beautiful," says Texas-born Viet vet, Torry Wakelin, now. He's talking about the week he spent last year with model Martha Redford as a present from his local Junior Chamber of Commerce, symbolically celebrating the return of all G.I.s from Southeast Asia. "For seven days we were together. I enjoyed every minute of it; I think she did too. I mean, we didn't do anything really special. The first day, we went on a picnic and she was just like a little girl, running around barefoot and laughing at silly things. And it was strange, I'd always thought models were all too sophisticated to just plain have fun, but not Marty.







And when we went dancing the second night. She looked super chic, but when the slow music came on, she snuggled up and it seemed like we'd been dating for years. That's one of the nicest things about her: she makes you feel no one else in the world exists for her at that moment. The next day I went out with her on a modelling assignment. I would have been fascinated anyway, but all through the shooting she kept looking over at me and making comments out of the side of her mouth. She had the place

in stitches. To her modeling is a job she works hard at, but she takes a lot more pride in other things, like her cooking. And that's what we did on our last night together—stayed home and she fed me a fantastic home-cooked meal. You're probably wondering what happened on the 4th, 5th and 6th days . . . . Answer: things that don't belong in print. Things between Marty and me. I promised her they'd stay that way . . .

Behind-The-Scenes
Report From
Around The
World

FOR YOUR

THE FIBERGLASS BUCCANEERS — No one knows when or where it actually first happened. The dark rainy night last fall on eastern Long Island is as good a pinpoint of time and place as any. A darkened powerboat moved slowly into a marina where scores of good boats were awaiting haulage into winter storage. Men carrying nylon tow lines leaped from her onto two 30 foot sailboats still in the water. A few quick hitches. A couple of chops at mooring lines with hatchets. Minutes later the two sailboats were moving out onto Long Island Sound tethered behind the power vessel some $35,000 total just disappearing into the night.

Sailboat piracy. It was is almost an inevitable spinoff of the Arab oil embargo then shaping up against the U.S. Someone was correctly anticipating a big demand in used sail. Some pleasure power boats burn a gallon of fuel for every mile they travel. Sailboats burn none, except perhaps getting in and out of their berths.

The men of the Suffolk County Police Marine Division spotted the theft for what it was right away. Said one leathery sergeant. "When you have two boats stolen at once. Couple that with the oil embargo everyone knew was coming. Here, we knew there were going to be sailboat thefts. The only question was when would they begin."

Multiple thefts of sailboats obviously for resale have since been the rule rather than the exception along the East Coast this past winter and spring. In Newport News, Virginia, the new buccaneers set what still stands as the first triple play. They carried off three twin keel English imports on the boatyard's own trailers.

Brand new or second hand it does not matter. As long as it is fiberglass and as long as it is sail. Indeed certain class vessels such as Pearsons and Gibsons command almost as high a price used, as they do new, even in normal times. To foul up tracing and detection, stolen boats are trucked far from home for resale. Two pirated from New York recently turned up in the Bahamas.

"The multiple thefts can mean only one thing," says a Florida Coast Guardsman. "Someone's out there taking orders from potential buyers and then going out and stealing to fill them. We're beginning to get a smell of Mafia. There's always been some theft, but this is rustling, whole herds at a time. I'm willing to bet that maybe one boat in every 30 sold this summer may be stolen goods."

100-PROOF OINK — Once upon a time there were seven little pigs. One pig was king. The other six pigs did as king pig did. For example, when king pig splashed down in the mud in the corner of his pen, the other six splashed down too, always in the same order, each one's chin covering the tail of the pig ahead, in order of social importance. The last pig, pig seven, was always out in the cold, however. No chin covered his hams.

One day the research team at the University of Missouri Columbia served the pigs cocktails, vodka and orange juice. Pigs just love vodka and OJ.

When the king drank, everybody drank like well, pigs. And Holy Hamhocks what changes took place.

The alcohol wrecked the status porcidermis. The king belched and sat on the other pigs. Other pigs belched and sat on other pigs, all out of the original neat order. And when king pig finally rolled over and shook his fat feet at the sky, not all other pigs rolled with him. Crafty pig three drank very little and became king pig. The king pig drank so heavily that he lost his status within 24 hours," reported biochemist Myron Tumbelson.

But quality will prevail, and once a king, always king. Came the morning after and its monumental hangovers. King pig challenged pig three. There was a snout to snout wrassle. King pig retook his muddy throne. And king pig has not touched a drop since.

Not so with the other pigs. Pig six became heaviest boozer of all. Said Tumbelson, "Apparently he is frustrated about his position and has resorted to drink." Pig six was too far from the top and not far enough up from the bottom to feel comfortable.

The bottom. Surprisingly, the only other nondrinker besides king pig was the pig on the bottom, pig seven. And here once more, as above, pig mirrors man and man mirrors pig. Men low on social and economic ladders are frequently men with little or no need for drink to make things seem better. Like such men, "Number seven knows he's last," said Tumbelson. "And he has accepted that."

GOOD VIBES — She was one of those tall lovely California girls with long legs up to her shoulders. You knew this because she wore nothing but a tray of phallus-shaped vibrators when she greeted you at the door of the Big Sur beach house. "Everybody

INFORMATION

take one," she said. "Get out of your clothes in the bedroom upstairs. Then join us down here in the den. Fresh batteries in bowls on the tables inside . . ." Here she grinned wickedly ". . . in case yours should hopefully go dead from excessive use."

Thus opened another episode in the newest thing in California group sex: The vibrator orgy.

The rules are simple and almost self-evident. Instead of using drugs or alcohol or pornographic films to turn each other on, naked people run around the house poking at each other with battery-powered vibrators, the ordinary $1.98 novelty store kind, blue for boys and pink for girls.

There are significant differences between a vibrator orgy and other orgies, say the men and women who were at the Big Sur beach house that night. From the point of view of a Monterrey construction supervisor: "I'm usually a one climax-a-night man. I'm drained after one go because when I go, I really go . . . But look. With a vibrator doing the work for me, I'm in business all night long. It's like having a robot penis. I can stimulate any number of women right to the screaming brink with the vibrator, then polish them off with the real me in a few seconds without having to keep at it long enough to bring on my own climax . . . You know what an ego trip that is, satisfying maybe six, eight women a night? . . . And then when I'm ready, I pick a woman I really dig, throw away the Goddamned vibrator and let myself go."

From the point of view of a San Francisco nurse, veteran of more than a dozen vibrator orgies: "There just aren't any male penises that can do what a vibrator does. I mean, what man can vibrate his penis a thousand times a minute? I had five going at me at once the other night. You name the part of my body. A vibrator was there. When I finally did go over the top the straight way with one of those men, I was so nuts I almost hip thrust him over the deck railing into the ocean down there."

THE PHANTOM SNACK BAR— The thing was 40 feet long, all chrome and plastic and carrying the latest in popcorn and ice cream making hardware. It came into Da Nang on a freighter in winter 1968. There it was transferred to a coastal vessel with other cargo for the U.S. Army post exchange in Saigon. The PX beer and razor blades and candy bars got there. The snack bar did not.

Thieves. It was gone. Gone the way of so many things that winter in Vietnam. Cases of champagne dropped from ships to skin divers bubbling below. A dozen GI trucks driven from a freighter to, phhfft, vanish. A Huey helicopter, supposedly dismantled, then reassembled in a garage in Saigon's Chinese ghetto (where it is said to still be today).

But unlike these things, the snack bar is not gone and not forgotten. That it was stolen by the Communists is without doubt. It has been seen often in service of Communist troops.

●The first time: During the 1968 Communist Tet Offensive, feeding Vietcong guerrillas on a back street in Hue, a rolling field kitchen pulled by a team of six Honda motorcycles, also presumed stolen.

●Twice on pontoons on rivers facing the Communist side of the DMZ, feeding troop concentrations along the shores.

●The phantom snack bar was reported blown up in a low level bombing raid just before the Armistice in winter 1973. This kill is unconfirmed and unlikely. The phantom has since been reported again in the field serving communist troops (a total of a dozen sightings in Cambodia and Laos), staffed by pretty girls dishing up rice and noodles and fish piping hot from the griddles.

It is said that the demand for popcorn is high—hot, with lots of butter and salt.

I'M A LOVE TEACHER AT L.A.'S "ACADEMY OF SEX"

as told to ALEX AUSTIN

"I've tried a lot of sexual surprises in my day but I never thought I'd hear a man call me 'Professor' after he'd finished balling me."

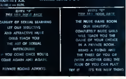
The speaker is Marge, a twenty year old call girl. Together with seven other girls she works in an establishment that advertises itself as the Ivy League Academy of Sexual Learning—only one of a growing number of such sex academies that are springing up in the Los Angeles area.

Exactly how do they operate? What courses are offered to men who wish to further their sexual educations?

According to Marge: "In our academy we give courses in just about any kind of sex a man is interested in. Like some men ask me to show them how their wives should perform *fellatio* on them.

"I'm sort of the oral sex professor in our place. I teach other courses too. But I've a special talent easily as good as Linda Lovelace's in Deep Throat. I get a lot of new business by word of mouth—I hope you don't mind the pun. I throw in a few words of instruction here and there that they can pass on. *(Continued on page 84)*

"I get a kick out of playing 'professor' and showing a man how to master any sex technique he's interested in, but my biggest thrill is giving my best students their final exams."



OPEN
MON — SAT.
NOON — 1 A.M.
CLOSED — SUN.

HOLLYWOOD SEX CENTER
UPSTAIRS SUITES B & C

PHONE

SUITE "B"
THE 2ND DOOR BACK

ACADEMY OF SEXUAL LEARNING
LET OUR SEDUCTIVE
AND ATTRACTIVE NUDE
GIRLS TEACH YOU
THE ART OF SEXUAL
INTERCOURSE
IF YOU COME ONCE YOU'LL
COME AGAIN AND AGAIN.

PRIVATE ROOMS ALWAYS.

SUITE "C"
THE 3RD DOOR BACK

THE NUDE GAME ROOM
OUR BEAUTIFUL
COMPLETELY NUDE GIRLS
WILL TEACH YOU THE
GAME OF YOUR CHOICE
IN A PRIVATE ROOM.
BRING A FRIEND AND
THE THREE OF YOU OR
(WITH ANOTHER GIRL) THE
FOUR OF YOU CAN PLAY.
TRY IT — IT'S THE NEW THING

Sex center leaflet reflects the most explicit approach to sex for sale since the redlight districts flourished in New Orleans French Quarter

One "school" holds its meetings in a motel which provides a heated indoor pool for its "athletic program."

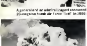
Fronting on a Hollywood street, one very profitable sex academy has two [illegible] of educational suites

By DON CAUSEY

Security at private nuclear installations is all too often dangerously haphazard

Popular worries about radiation leaks obscure the big problem—nuclear pilfering

A general and an admiral inspect recovered 20-megaton bomb Air Force 'lost' in 1966



Total holocaust of A-bomb would force compliance with nuclear blackmail terms

THE GREAT MAKE-IT-YOURSELF A-BOMB SCARE

"With terrorists and fringe groups better and better organized and the numbers of stockpiled nuclear weapons mushrooming, it's no longer a question of whether the big rip-off is coming—but when."

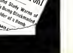
IN OCTOBER 1970 something terrifying happened down in the balmy, quiet city of Orlando, Florida. It started when the Chief of Police received an anonymous, handscrawled note.

The writer of the note claimed to have a hydrogen bomb in his possession, which he was going to set off unless he received a cool million bucks and safe passage out of the country. To back up his claim, the country's first nuclear blackmailer included a sketch of his weapon.

As incredible as all this sounds, no one laughed. In fact, the chief got on the phone straight to Washington. High Air Force officials were consulted.

Finally the verdict: if the blackmailer had a weapon like the one

(Continued on page 80)

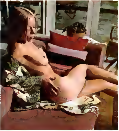


ATOM-THEFT CURB URGED IN REPORT

Ford Fund Study Warns of Society's Being Blackmailed by Builder of a Bomb

By EDWARD

WASHIN



12-to-8 Night Shift

stagmate no.2

Silkie Tanner

It's not what you'd expect, is it? The name, I mean. 'Silkie Tanner' just doesn't seem to go with what I do." What Silkie Tanner does, is pull down the midnight to eight shift as a night nurse in one of L.A.'s private hospitals. The hours are her own choice. Silkie confesses to being something of a nightbird and those long, quiet late-night hours fit her after-midnight soul.

"Anyway, I think nighttime is when I can do my patients the most good. You know, make them more comfortable, help them get some sleep. Of course, I know I also keep some of hem awake halfway rough the night, but I haven't had any complaints yet."

By GENE WEBBER

We called him MGB

He drove this gleaming little yellow MG model B with wire wheels whenever he made his deliveries to our River District MGB was really Willie Crane, a misfit high school dropout like the rest of us Unlike the rest of us MGB was making about a thousand a week profit for himself

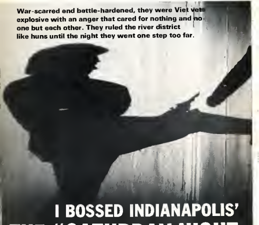
MGB was a drug pusher

His wealth and car and obvious success also made him something of a folk hero to the local kids

We decided to put an end to his fame and fortune in the River District that May 3 1973 By we I mean Claw Claw Pig Chauncey and me, Gene Webber It was to our common interest to do so

MGB was parked on Water Street on this day waiting for his retail people to come pick up their consignments Hi, he said as we boxed in his

War-scarred end bettle-hardened, they were Viet vets explosive with an anger that cared for nothing and no one but each other. They ruled the river district like huns until the night they went one step too far.



I BOSSED INDIANAPOLIS' THE "SATURDAY NIGHT

car with our motorcycles "If there's something you want, say it If there's not blow, okay? People get very nervous when they see you Saturday Night Special cats hanging around my car

He did not look at us as he spoke. He was cool and quiet It was important to hime to come on like a cool dude pusher from Chicago

I leaned from my saddle into his car and shut off his noisy, race modified engine 'Hear me, Willie and hear me good

"The name's (Continued on page 72)

TERROR GANG: SPECIALS"

When they first moved into the river district they had to take the territory by force from the gang who had held it.

Part of a girl's initiation into the gang was to help a male member on one of the midnight hit and run warehouse heists

In addition to police harassment, the Saturday Night Specials had to worry about being attacked by irate citizens.

The authorities tolerated their small larcenies, but came down hard when they stomped the one man who fought back

Going going gone There wasn't much the driver of this rig could do once his load of roofing shifted after a curve but cut it loose

Smoke filling the room behind him, Chicago fireman makes it to window gasping for air Photo was taken during attempt to kill fire that engulfed 2 buildings

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. These are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

Like Lady Godiva astride her valiant steed, this girl streaks Austin U on shoulders of a friend

Writhing in pain, journalist Dennis Cameron tries to put out flames on both legs and an arm Ordeal was the result of an artillery attack in Cambodia Cameron had been covering for ABC news

According to the movie "Teenage Sex Report" a gynecologist's life is a lot of play and not much work

Guns drawn, San Diego police go after men who managed to take down two cops before being bagged

NIGHT OF

We'd spent the whole fishing trip at each other's throats until torrential rains turned the Tugaloo into a flooded-out snakepit, forcing us to forget everything else but survival.

By DAVE CATON

THE RAIN pounding on the roof all night had almost numbed me to sleep when something in the cabin didn't feel right. It was one of those gut feelings. And in the last five years—ever since I learned I had it in Vietnam—the instinct never steered me wrong.

Getting up, I padded out to the living room and played my flashlight around the cabin. When I got it to the front door, I thought I was seeing things. There on the floor was a 'cotton'—as the local people call them—a cottonmouth moccasin! The bastard had crawled through a space under the front door and was slithering toward the bedroom where Sarah, my wife, was sleeping. Worse than that though, was the broad, glistening band of water on the floor in front of him.

It didn't take a tidewater South Carolina native to know that track meant (Continued on page 58)

Writhing and hissing in agony the charred bodies of the snakes began to drop into the water

Art By Samson Pollen

THE RATTLERS

GETTING EUNICE'S BOOBS was easy. Oh, she might bitch a little, in her way. Like when I'd reach inside her blouse and heft them in their brassiere a little, then slip the other hand around back and unhitch the strap she might say, "I swear, Roy, if I live to be a hundred I'll never understand what you men see in that. I mean, I can run my hand inside your skivvies from now until planting time and it would do as much for me as chewing stones. But the minute you grab a hold of a girl's things you begin acting like you was riding the end of a cattle prod. I swear, I can't figure that one out."

But I wouldn't be paying much attention because by then I'd be too busy running my tongue around those sweet nipples she had, first one, then the other, then back again, until she'd say, "Shoot, Roy, don't go getting me too wet or I might catch cold, hear?"

Getting Old Eunice's wazoo took a little more time. When I'd been on the boobs long enough so that my brain felt fried and my eyes felt like they was going to float clear of my head, I'd sort of drop one hand down on her leg, which would set her knees to springing like

FICTION FOR MEN

THE OVER-HEATED LANDLADY

By ARTHUR KAPLAN

To get to Eunice's waiting bed, he had to bypass his lusty

they was a bear trap, catching my hand between them and cutting off the blood to the fingers, but I'd act like everything was all right and continue kissing her and playing with her boobs with my free hand until after a bit her knees would relax a little and as soon as I got the feel back in my fingers I'd start moving slow and easy up her skirt until I hit honey which would usually make Eunice suck air and say something like, "Lord A'mighty, Roy, if you keep that up I'm going to have to set your safety belt, hee, hee."

"That feel good?" I'd hush into her sweet ear.

Then she'd sort of slide about another 7/16ths onto my finger and I'd know that it was time to take her hand and guide it onto my rod.

"It's just like a hoe handle, Roy," she'd say and in a little while she would begin moaning and flipping the back of her head against the seat. But it makes me sick to confess that for four whole months of dating Eunice Osteen that was about as far as I could go because the stupid sons of bitches at Ford that put together the inside of a Mustang automobile

(Continued on page 44)

landlady or find himself on a wild, sexual merry-go-round.

STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

(Continued from page 6)

creases to every family's bill

COPS MAY SWITCH TO USING BLIMPS FOR TRAFFIC CONTROL AND COORDINATING DISPATCHING OF PATROL CARS TO THE SCENE OF A CRIME. MINI-BLIMPS COVER LARGER AREAS, GIVE BETTER VISUAL SCRUTINY--BESIDES BEING QUIETER THAN ANY OTHER SURVEILLANCE SYSTEM NOW IN USE . . .

Big boom in Italy for bodyguards. Rash of kidnappings have made guys with karate training and gun licenses worth between $25 and $40 a day

BIG CITY HOOKERS HAVE THROWN IN THE TOWEL. THEY HARDLY EVER WORK OUT OF LOCAL BARS AS THERE'S TOO MUCH COMPETITION FROM AMATEURS WHO ARE RARING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR NOTHING. COPS THEY CAN HANDLE--FREEBIE SEXPOTS ARE TOO TOUGH . . .

A MAN'S CAR

WITH MORE MOTORCYCLES ON THE ROADS (TO BEAT HIGH PRICE OF GAS) LOOK FOR JUMP IN SUMMER DEATH RATES . . .

People who installed locks on their gas tanks to prevent desperadoes from siphoning out precious gas ran into a bad backlash. Either the fuel thieves broke the lock and cap completely, or they punched holes in the gas tank and let the precious stuff drip into a waiting bucket.

CHRYSLER ORDERING A GIANT RECALL TO PATCH UP A DEFECT IN ITS 1973 POLLUTION CONTROL SYSTEM . . .

You can thank the recent gasoline shortage for the big drop in carbon monoxide levels in most major cities . . .

FIGURES IN ON DEATH TOLL DURING PERIOD WHEN STATES ORDERED REDUCED SPEED LIMITS --AS MUCH AS 20% FEWER HIGHWAY ACCIDENT FATALITIES . . .

Reduced Speeds Down Fatalities

According to General Motors extensive tests, your car will come up with its best fuel consumption at a steady 50 mph pace . . .

LOOK FOR MORE ACCURATE EVALUATION OF WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR CHEST IN A CRASH THAT SLAMS YOU AGAINST THE STEERING WHEEL. BIOENGINEERS HAVE CONSTRUCTED A STEEL "CHEST" THAT REACTS JUST AS YOURS WOULD IF IT WERE SUDDENLY THROWN FORWARD AGAINST THE STEERING COLUMN. THEY SHOULD COME UP WITH A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF YOUR CHANCES AT ANY SPEED . . .

SCOOPING THE WORLD

Girls on summer vacations will make their wildest sex moves away from home. The same ones you can't get to first base with on a regular date will urge you on

When Women Are Wildest

to the most erotic sex practices once they're on their own. Many have been fantasizing all winter about wide-open lovemaking, building up a burning heat to get at it once they hit their vacation spots. They plunge in with a desperate desire to get it all out of their system before they return, and wallow in sensuality for their two-week binge. Catch one of these and you'll have the holiday bash of your life . . .

IF YOU'VE GOT A YEN TO SEE THE FEW PRIMITIVE TRIBES STILL UNSPOILED ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH, THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE IN WASHINGTON, D.C., CAN GIVE YOU A LIST TO CHOOSE FROM. BUT THE WAY CIVILIZATION IS ENCROACHING, YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST IF YOU WANT TO SEE THEM AS THEY WERE THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO . . .

It looks like the beginning of the end for firemen sliding down poles to their engines whenever an alarm rings. The first one-story firehouse is being built in N.Y.C., and it may be the first of many to come. Among other reasons for doing away with two-level stations is the growing number of injuries men sustain taking a flying leap at the pole to make their way to ground level.

AFTER STREAKING, WHAT? COEDS AT FIVE MIDWEST UNIVERSITIES HAVE COME UP WITH A NEW NUDE GIMMICK--NAKED DATING. GIRLS ARE INVITED TO THE MEN'S ROOMS, WHERE BOTH SEXES STRIP COMPLETELY, THEN SIT AROUND SIPPING THEIR SIX-PACKS. SCHOOL OFFICIALS ARE TRYING TO CATCH THEM IN ANY SEX ACT SO THEY'LL HAVE A LEGITIMATE REASON TO PULL A BUST...

Latest weapon to drive off flocks of pesty pigeons was used successfully in New City, N.Y., recently. Maintenance crews at the county courthouse--long the favorite roost of the pigeons--set out dozens of rubber snakes. The pigeons took one look at the lifelike reptiles and flew the coop...

RED WORLD

AMERICANS TOURING RUSSIA ARE COMING HOME WITH AN INTESTINAL INFECTION PICKED UP IN THE DRINKING WATER. GIARDIASIS, A DISEASE THAT CAN LAST FOR MONTHS, HAS BECOME A SERIOUS PROBLEM WITH MORE AND MORE RETURNING YANKS...

China has accused Russia of all-out espionage attacks on her territory. She points out the Soviets launched 75 espionage satellites for military purposes in 1973, five times as many as the U.S....

U.S. CONSERVATIONISTS TEED-OFF AND PLENTY WORRIED ABOUT RUSSIAN REFUSAL TO COMPLY WITH INTERNATIONAL DECISIONS FOR PROTECTING VANISHING WHALE POPULATION...

East Germany again warning about "severe reprisals" if Bonn doesn't do something about stopping West German engineered escapes from the Iron Curtain side of the Wall...

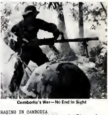
'Wall' Breakouts Bring Warning

USING THE ENERGY CRISIS AS AN EXCUSE, SEVEN SOVIET SCIENTISTS PHONIED UP REPORTS OF AN EXPEDITION TO NORTHERN TADZHIKISTAN TO COVER A WILD SPREE OF HIGH LIVING. SCANDAL WAS PUBLICLY ADMITTED IN RUSSIA'S OFFICIAL NEWSPAPERS...

With parking spaces tougher to find in Moscow than in New York and with car thieves stripping the cars as fast as they can be parked, many Russians are taking to stowing their vehicles in alleys, backyards or other spots "safer" than city streets...

MEN IN UNIFORM

AT THIS WRITING, THEY'RE STILL BEING KILLED IN INDONESIA--WITH FIERCE FIGHTING RAGING IN CAMBODIA...



Cambodia's War—No End In Sight

Viet veterans bitching, boiling mad over what they consider shabby treatment now that they're back on the home front. Among chief gripes--after lack of jobs--are Veteran's Administration run-arounds...

ACCORDING TO THE PENTAGON, MORE THAN 5,000 AIR FORCE, NAVY AND MARINE PLANES ARE "NOT OPERATIONALLY READY". REASON? SHORTAGES OF SPARE PARTS AND LONG OVERDUE MAINTENANCE...

One female Marine sergeant recently shipped out for an 18-month tour of duty. Back in the states she left her husband, who plans to remain in civilian life despite the long marital separation...

JUST RELEASED SIDELIGHT ON YANK PRISONERS OF THE NORTH VIETNAMESE. ONE NAVY COMMANDER FREED FROM HIS PRISON CAMP WAS PERMITTED TO TAKE BACK A PUPPY GIVEN HIM BY HIS VIETNAMESE GUARD. PUP WAS FROM A LITTER BORN TO THE GUARD'S DOG...

Between 1967 and 1971, 280,000 U.S. servicemen and women spent their R&R leaves in Australia...

LOOK FOR MORE JAP HOLDOUTS OF WW II TO SHOW UP OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS. MANY PACIFIC ISLANDS ARE IDEAL FOR HARBORING AND SUSTAINING SOLDIERS WHO HEADED FOR THE HILLS WHEN THE YANKS ARRIVED...

29 years ago this month the A-bomb was dropped at Nagasaki and Hiroshima, bringing the war against Japan to an end. Three months earlier, the Germans surrendered unconditionally to end the fighting in Europe...

The Over-Heated Landlady

Continued from page 41

didn't allow her any more loving than that.

Oh, it ain't as if I didn't try. Like the night I snuck a blanket off my bed and out the house while Ella Wheat, where the landlady, was in the cellar. When I picked Eunice up at Sharpe's Business College where she goes after work at Penney's I said all funny-mouthed, "I got a surprise for you."

"Oh," she said turning to me all smiles. "I just love surprises." And she reached over with her sweet lips and kissed me on the cheek about four times while I drove out to Kern's dairy where there's a dirt road they use for moving equipment that goes way back. And when I stopped the car and switched off the lights and ignition she said, "You going to show me the surprise now, Roy?"

"Not yet," I said, kissing her and reaching for her sweet boobs.

Well, I got the boobs out and went down to the old wazoo like I told you about, and it was only when I had her holding me and she was beginning to go into her moan and flipping her head against the seat, that I whispered into her sweet ear, "What it is, is the surprise now, Eunice?"

"Mmmmm."

"I snuck a blanket out of Mizz Wheat's and I'm going to spread it out next to the car and we're going to move out there and make love under the stars, just like the pioneers."

Well, as she dropped my rod like it had just got cancer, slipped herself off of my fingers and began putting her boobs back into her brassiere, just like that.

"What's the matter, Honey?" I asked. "Did I say something wrong?"

Well, when she finally turned to look at me she was pronouncing every letter in every word. "What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong, Mr. One Thousand Hands and One Million Fingers. What's wrong is you want me to go out there on that old blanket with you and "F" out in the open where God and my sweet dead Daddy can just look down and see us—that's what's wrong. Now I want to go home."

Two nights later I told Eunice I had the answer.

"Answer to what, Roy?" she asked, turning the rearview mirror her way so she could fix a spit curl.

"You know," I said. "What we're going to do tonight is just go over and rent a room at Hemmer's Motel."

Without once taking her eyes off that frigging mirror she said, "Bert Altroon's day clerk at Hemmer's."

"Who the hell's Bert Altroon?"

"He's a boy in my business arithmetic class and if I so much as go past Hemmer's with you man he'll know that we've been "F"-ing and pretty soon that's all anybody in Conway Springs will be talking about."

"But Bert Altroon's day clerk. We're going to get the room now and it's night."

"Don't matter none, Miss Smartass," she answered still fixing her damned curl. "They got these motels wired and when Bert comes in work tomorrow morning he'd probably see the pictures they took first thing. I heard plenty about motels from Darlene Wardall whose Aunt Essie married a man who owns one outside Tulsa."

"Roy, why don't we go get some luncheon tonight instead of parking somewhere and playing wet hand? It'd be a nice change. And besides, I'm getting finger sore inside."

I tried other things too, but they all come out the same way, and we'd always end up one block from Ella Wheat's boarding house where we both had rooms and I'd stop and Eunice'd get out and go home first and I'd wait ten minutes, then park the car and go in trying to look like I had just come from bowling or something like that.

Ella Wheat'd look up from the television tube and say, "Roy, I swear, coming in that front door you look just like my poor sweet Dan. How'd you like a nice cup of coffee and some date-nut bread that I just fixed this afternoon?" (Dan was Ella's husband who got crushed under about 4,000 cases of canned tomatoes that dropped on top of him over at the packing plant.) So I'd sit down on the couch and she'd shut down the TV and tell me once again about poor Dan and how she missed him and that she could marry again anytime she wanted to, she being only 34 and so many men was asking her, but the only reason she didn't was because no one could come even close to being the kind of man Dan was.

When I finally did go upstairs, I'd pass Eunice's door and look around to see if anyone was watching, then I'd sort of rub my knuckles on it and Eunice would hiss, "Tee-hee, now you go on, Roy Hobart." And I'd walk to my room which was on the other side of Ella Wheat's and fall onto my bed feeling that that part of my body from the stomach to the knees was going to explode at any minute just like one of them Saturn rockets they have.

I guess it began to show, too, because a couple of people began stopping me in the street and saying, "You feel all right, Roy?" "Maybe you should see a doctor, you ain't looking too good," warned the girls. One lady who used to go to high school with my cousin Frances dropped off a bottle of vinegar and molasses and told me to take one spoonful every morning when I got up and that her granddaddy did and he lived to be one hundred and one.

There was only one thing that could help me to live to be one hundred and one, but it wasn't vinegar and molasses, no sir, and it was only living two bedrooms down the hall from me, but for all the good it was doing me it could be living somewhere in China.

It was getting me so bad that it began affecting my work too, and I started spoiling steel stock until my foreman come over and told me that I'd better watch what I was doing or I'd go back to oiling machines. Well, to tell you the truth I was about to give up, just tell Eunice to play with her own boobs and stick her own fingers up her damned old wazoo. Hell, there's other girls in Conway Springs. I guess the only thing that kept me stuck to Eunice is that it all seemed such a waste.

Finally the answer come to me. It came while I was sleeping and I just sat straight up in my bed around three o'clock one morning and shook my head and could have killed myself for not thinking about it before. Why didn't I just go over and ball sweet Eunice in her own room?

Hell!

"Roy Hobart, I do believe you are a sex maniac," Eunice said when I told her about it that night while we were sitting parked behind the Grove Street Elementary School, her sweet boobs in my hand. "Mizz Wheat's room is right between us and then there's Miss Watrous downstairs. What if they hear it? And besides, my bed squeaks something awful and the door handle's loose, and you so much as touch it and it'll wake the whole house up and everyone'll know we're "F"-ing."

Just then her knees relaxed a little and I waited until the circulation came back into my fingers, then I walked them nice and easy up to that sweet hair pond, then dunked a couple of them and began trolling when Eunice began moaning and flipping her head against the seat. I said into her ear, "This is Sunday, how about me coming to visit you Tuesday?"

"What?" she said in a little weak voice. "Oh, I don't know, Roy, I'm scared." So I just continued to work back and forth in and out until Eunice said, "Mmmmm," and I kissed her sweet ear and said, "That's fine, Baby. Now tomorrow night I'll take care of the bed and the door."

The next night, Monday, we didn't go out. I explained to Ella Wheat that Eunice had told me her bed was squeaking all the time and that I promised to fix it for her.

First I found out where the squeaks were and there was three of them. I loosened the ends a little, then rubbed the spots with some steel wool and put some No. 30 oil on them. Then I took the spring off and worked on the frame. I tightened the straps that hold the slats, and tightened and oiled the hooks that hold the sides to the foot and head boards. Then I rubbed the rust off the casters and oiled them, and before I put the bed back together I rubbed candle wax on both the slats and the spring pipes and sat on them.

When I finished with that damned bed you could have held a Legion meeting on it without making any noise. And then I worked on the door, tightening the knobs, oiling the latch and the hinge pins.

I oiled the hinge pins on my door too that night. And when I was finished I went down to Henry's, which is the best men's store in Conway Springs, and bought myself a pair of blue nylon pajamas and a bottle of sting good for behind my neck and my crotch because if this worked out, Eunice Osteen was going to start doing things to me that was going to turn her sweet dead daddy—and all the Osteens back to the Civil War—around in their graves.

I didn't go out at all that Tuesday night. Ella Wheat was out to the Daughters of the Eastern Star and Miss Watrous was at a church meeting and I just sat there and watched TV though if you asked me what I was looking at I couldn't have told you.

When Eunice came in from business college she stopped by the door and said

STAG STOPPER: Look for an "instant replay" camera that will let you take your movie, wait a few minutes for it to automatically develop, then run it right off on your home film projector.

"Watcha watching?" and I didn't answer but slipped my hand right up her dress and massaged her keystone.

"Roy," she said, moving a little but not away and looking around to see if anyone was around. Then she leaned down and kissed me and without my having to guide her hand she put it straight down on my rod.

When she got up she said, "I bought black stockings, Roy," and lifted them out of the bag.

"Whoo-ee," I shouted and if she hadn't started walking away I swear I would have jumped her right there on the rug.

A little while after that I went up, showered and shaved—even though I had shaved that morning—and put some stink good behind my neck and around my crotch, the way I told you I would do, and it damned near burned me out of business. Then I put on my new pajamas and an almost new bathrobe that I had only worn a couple of times, combed my hair real good, then went to my room where I lay on top of the covers of the bed so as not to mess anything up and rested.

I heard Miss Watrous come in first and then a little while later Ella Wheat. I heard her go to the bathroom then move around in her own room where she turned the radio on real low. At exactly 9:30 she clicked it off and I just lay there hardly breathing, watching the face of my clock, which shines in the dark.

At first I thought I would start moving out a little after 10, which would give Ella Wheat plenty of time to fall asleep, but when 10 finally rolled around I told myself that I had better wait until 10:30 because I didn't want to spoil anything before it began. But I couldn't make 10:30 because I was too anxious, and around 10:19 I got up and using my flashlight I checked my hair comb in the bureau mirror. I was just about to open the door when I decided that maybe I should cut my toenails, so I turned the flashlight on them and cut them and then rubbed them smooth with an emery board.

I didn't wear any slippers because they would make noise, so when I stepped out of my room the floor was cold. I set a piece of scotch tape on the latch so I wouldn't click when I came back, then began to walk easy toward Eunice's room.

I walked one step at a time, toe and heel, as quiet as a shadow sliding down a greased pole and I was making good time, considering, until I was just opposite Ella Wheat's door when I put my foot down and the damned floor board creaked!

I froze right in my tracks. It was only a small squeak. Hell! I hardly heard it myself. But suddenly Ella Wheat's door flew open and I could make her out standing in the doorway, this big old rag wrapped around her head.

"That you, Roy?" she hissed, sort of sticking her head out to see better.

"Yes'm," I whispered back. "I was just going to the bathroom."

"But the bathroom's in the other direction. . . . You wearing perfume? Something smells mighty good."

"I thought I saw a light downstairs," I said. "And about that smell, it's this stuff I'm using for my athlete's feet. Sorry I woke you up."

Then I turned and stomped off to the bathroom where I flushed the toilet without even using it, then went back to my bed and lay on top of the covers all night cussing out them damned old houses that's got squeaky floors and nosy landladies.

"I swear," Eunice said low into the telephone when I called her during coffee break the next morning to explain what had happened, "if you can't walk 15 feet without waking up the whole house . . . I was laying there in them black stockings so long I thought I'd freeze to death."

I managed to calm her down a little before the three minutes was up, saying that it was just one of those things and that we would try again that night, was that all right with her?

"Maybe," she said and hung up.

But when she came in from business college that night there was a big smile on her face. Seeing that both Ella Wheat and Miss Watrous was sitting with me watching "Gunsmoke" we didn't say anything to each other, but spring began singing right there in my underwear.

I took another shower that night and shaved again and put some stink good just under my belly button instead of my crotch, then lay down on my bed in my new pajamas. I didn't want to go to sleep but before I knew it I had dozed off and when I looked at the clock again it was 11 o'clock and I got all excited because I was late. So I got up quickly and combed my hair by flashlight and opened the door quietly and listened. There wasn't a sound so I stepped out the door and very softly, toe and heel like before, I started moving toward sweet Eunice's room, making sure to miss that squeaky board by as much as I could—even if it meant I had to walk on the wall.

Well, I was almost walking on the wall and I had passed that one board that had given me trouble the night before, but when I stepped on the next one there was half the softest little sound you ever heard and just like that, Ella Wheat's door flew open and she was hissing, "Roy?"

"Yes'm," I said, hating the world and just about everyone in it. "I got a itch in my leg and thought that I would walk it off." Then I turned and walked back to my room and closed that damned door and flopped into my bed and slept so hard trying to forget my miseries and I missed setting the alarm and got to work about an hour and a half late.

There was no getting to Eunice that day. She wouldn't come to the telephone during coffee break and when I called again during lunch I heard her telling the lady that answered the phone to say to whoever was calling that Miss [illegible] has gone to lunch and after that has an important meeting that will last all afternoon.

I waited for her outside Penney's when she got out. I walked her; she said she couldn't talk to me then because she had to be to business college in ten minutes—and I said I would drive her but she said no thanks and blew her nose in her handkerchief and said that she was coming down with a cold because of them damned black stockings and she was going to send me the hospital bills if she had to be admitted, and was I prepared to pay for the funeral too?

But I waited for her outside of business college, and though at first she didn't want to get into the car, she did after I promised that I would drive straight home and that I wouldn't go sticking my hands inside her sweater because it was brand new.

When I stopped a block from Ella Wheat's to let her out I took a hold of her wrist and said, "Tonight, Eunice?"

"Well," she said, trying to break my grip, "I don't know. I can't be wasting my life lying there on the bed in just a pair of stockings. I'm starting to get night circles under my eyes waiting, but I guess I can give it one last try."

That night I was calm as I had never been calm before. I didn't waste any time watching television or listening to Ella Wheat's jokes but went straight up to my room, took a shower and shaved, put one dab of stink good on each of the cheeks of my seat, slid into my new pajamas, which were kind of wrinkled, and lay on my bed waiting for Ella Wheat and Miss Watrous to settle down. Everything was quiet by 10:15 but I gave it another 15 minutes, waiting until the second hand touched the 12 before I got out of bed.

I was going to make it that night, I told myself—or commit suicide.

I opened the door as before and walked out into the hall. This time I had figured out in my mind where the joists were and I had come to the conclusion that if I walked as close to the doors as possible I could make it without any squeaking.

And I did. I swear I did. I'd take an oath on a stack of Bibles that as I stepped in front of Ella Wheat's door I didn't make a sound!

"Miss Pringle, I think you'll be perfect for the position I have in mind for you."

but sometimes the door flew open and Ella Wheat was standing there.

Naked!

I could see by the moonlight coming in her window. I could see that her hair was pinned and her boobs were out and I could see her wazoo and that she was wearing high-heeled shoes and nothing else.

I started to say something but she put one hand over my mouth and the other hand behind my neck and pulled me into her room. Then she turned and closed the door without a sound. I started to say something then, too, but she came up to me and put her mouth over mine and her tongue started feeling around for my tonsils and the rest of her started walking me backward toward the bed.

When we came up for air I did manage to get out "I—" but she covered my mouth with hers again and took a hold of both my hands and put them up on her boobs and began rubbing her wazoo up against the bump in my bathrobe.

Well, there was nothing much that I could do then but sort of ease myself down on her bed without a sound and pull her on top of me.

We only balled twice though I could have gone more and she probably could have rode me until Christmas. But after the second time I put my pajama pants on again and when she opened her mouth to say something I just covered it with mine and I kissed each of her nipples a couple of times then walked to the door and waved before I opened it.

I closed it right after me then, but instead of turning to the left to go back to my room I turned to the right and walked into Eunice's room and them hinges were still so good the damned door almost worked by itself.

Eunice was lying on top of the bed in those black stockings that were held up by a pair of purple garters with little cloth flowers all over them—the kind you see in movies—and damned if I know where she got them. She smiled when I closed the door behind me and lay there watching while I let my bathrobe and pajamas drop to the floor. Then I walked over to the bed and without any preliminaries or anything I started massaging her old wazoo until the honey was flowing out of her like a dam had broke. I climbed on her then and guided my rod in and she gushed in enough oil to fill a [illegible].

Well, we went on almost without stopping until about two in the morning that first time and even Eunice whispered once that it was as good an "F"-ing as she had ever had but that didn't mean necessarily that she had ever been "F"-ed before, did I understand?

I said I did and stuck my tongue all the way into her ear until she just curled up like a shaving in a wood plane.

Well, that all happened about six months ago and it's still going on anywhere from three to six times a week because Eunice refuses to "F" on Sundays. It all seems so simple now that I look back on it that the way to get past Ella Wheat's room in the middle of the night is to first stop in for a little while, but that's something they don't teach you in high school, you got to pick it up for yourself.

The funny thing is, though, people still stop me in the street and tell me that I don't look good and maybe I should see a doctor or take a vacation. But I tell them fine, I'm fine and I don't spoil steel stock any more. And I've begun taking a spoonful of that vinegar and molasses every morning that that friend of my cousin Frances gave me because if things continue going like this I sure as hell want to live to be one hundred and one. ◆◆◆

First-Night Sex

Continued from page 17

than do women expect from a man the first time in bed? My interviews support the following conclusions.

Sexual performance, as such, is relatively unimportant. First impressions count, and many men, eager to make a good one, work hard at playing superstud. They want to give their new partner a sexual experience unlike any she's ever had—one that will make her come back time and again for more.

Actually, sexual performance itself will have very little effect on whether the average girl wants an encore. Most women are influenced much more strongly by other factors.

"I always consider the first night a sexual throw-away," says Jan, 27, a secretary in Indiana who has made love to more than 30 men since her first experience at age 14. "I know how nervous I am—despite my experience—every time I bed down with a new man. It's only understandable that men will be nervous too.

"Naturally, I'd like every new man to give me the orgasm to end all orgasms, but I know this isn't realistic. Besides, there's plenty of time for that once I get to know the man better. The main thing I'm interested in the first night we're together is how he treats me as a *person*—how interested he is in my thoughts, feelings and ideas.

"This physical part of sex is, on the whole, much less important than the emotional part."

Adele Carde, a 22-year-old TV production assistant in Florida:

"I like my big O's as much as the next gal, but I'm not hung up about it—and I certainly don't expect it to happen the first night. If it does, of course, I won't get mad. But it's like riding the merry-go-round: you don't expect to snatch the brass ring every time.

"The most important thing to me is a man who is gentle and considerate and loving. I'm not looking for superstuds. In fact, I'd much prefer a man of modest sexual abilities who is warm and compassionate and just plain nice."

Joey, 19, a college student in Texas, recalls her favorite first-night lover, a policeman who patrolled on campus.

"Dan met me after class and we went to his apartment, where he cooked dinner. I'd been in his company before, but never alone under circumstances where seduction was possible—usually there were 50 zillion people around.

"Now that I was finally alone with him, I was pretty nervous. I mean, I wasn't a virgin, but it was still kind of a high-pressure situation and I imagine it is for most girls the first time with a guy, no matter how much experience they have.

"Dan put me at ease immediately. He broke out a couple cans of beer and handed me one, just as if I were one of his buddies. It made me feel really comfortable and at home. Then after dinner, when we sat on the couch, he put his arm around me very casually and leaned back and started telling me about some of the problems he encountered in police work. Even though we'd known each other for only a short time, I felt almost as if I were his girlfriend.

"While we talked, we kissed and petted. But never compulsively. For more than an hour, while Dan kissed and fondled my breasts and stroked the nipples very gently (which I adore!) he never once made an attempt to touch me down *there*. I hate it when a guy shoots straight for my pants and attacks my vagina as though he were swatting a fly."

The biggest mistake of most men, my interviewees said, is haste. In fact, some girls get so turned off by a guy who's in a hurry that they refuse to have sex with him though they ordinarily might have planned on it. Conversely, some women who might ordinarily have said no will say yes if the right man is casual enough about it.

"I'll never forget Paul," says Sherry, 24, a social worker in Ohio. "I was introduced to him by a mutual friend and I flipped over him immediately. When he asked me out, I thought I was going to faint. He was so good-looking.

"But then, when we got to his apartment, he had barely closed the door before he was on top of me, grabbing for my breasts and kissing me really sloppily. It turned me off completely.

"On the way up in the elevator all I could think about was how much I wished I were in bed with him. But after he came on like gang-busters all I could think of was how I wished I were somewhere else."

Marti, also 24, is a model for a garment manufacturer:

"I'm not a prude—not by a long shot—and I don't think I'm more cautious or particular about sexual relationships than the average single woman. But I do insist on getting to know the guy a little before sleeping with him.

"If I date a guy and feel that he's coming on too strong, it immediately turns me off. But if he's relaxed and loose, as though he really doesn't care whether I make love to him or not, I want to make love to him. Maybe that's freaky, but that's the way I am."

She adds:

"One night I had a date with Stan, an engineer. We had met that same afternoon in a diner near his construction site and he had asked if I wanted to meet for a drink after work. I said yes and we met at a cocktail lounge near my office.

"Well, I was very surprised to find that when Stan showed up one of his buddies was with him. The two of them sat with me and talked for a while, then Stan's buddy left and Stan took me home. When we got to my place I asked him inside and we put on a few records. One thing led to another and soon we were making love on the couch.

"I don't think it would have happened if Stan hadn't brought a buddy with him when he showed up at the bar. Somehow that made the whole thing much more casual and put me at ease."

"I met Eddie on my dinner hour," recalls Wendy, 22, a theater cashier in Pennsylvania. "He was having a sandwich at the coffee shop next to the theater. It was crowded, and the head waiter set us up at the same table.

"We clicked immediately. I mean—it's hard to explain—I trusted him right off. There was absolutely no bullshit about

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 46)

him. He was totally loose and got straight to the point on everything.

While we ate, he would look at me over the edge of his beer glass and smile. Like a fox. But shy too, I mean. I didn't get the impression he was a professional gigolo. But he wasn't embarrassed about his animal instincts, either; he wasn't embarrassed about wanting me.

"At the same time, however, he was in control of himself. I liked that. He knew what I was feeling and thinking, and he somehow or other let me know that he knew. It made me feel very comfortable.

"After we talked awhile, he asked if I was doing anything after work. I said no, and we arranged to meet. I was in bed with him half an hour later. And I'm normally not easy—he was only the fourth lover I've ever had."

Most girls agree on the importance of a man's making his sexual interest known. The problem is how to do it without being overly blatant or overly coy.

"It's hard to establish firm rules," says Carla, an airline stewardess from Kentucky, "but I always say when in doubt, step out. In other words, let her know where your head is.

"If it turns her off, well, that's too bad. But if she's really turned on to you—or capable of being—then she should respond when you let her know that you're turned on to her."

"The first night I went to George's apartment," recalls Maria, 25, a salesclerk in Montana, "I had known him for about a year but had dated him only two or three times. I liked him an awful lot, but I still hadn't committed myself to whether or not I wanted to make love to him. (Yes, I'm leery about that sort of thing. I don't believe a girl should make love to a man unless she really cares for him—and believes he cares for her.)

"Well, he put some records on the stereo and poured us drinks. Then we sat in front of his fireplace and he slowly slipped his arm around the back of the sofa and kissed me gently on the neck.

"All of a sudden I felt a terrific overpowering desire for him. I don't know whether it was the fire in the fireplace or the blustery winter night outside, or his he-man shaving lotion, or a combination of those things, or none of them. Whatever it was, I was powerfully turned on. To let him know it, I pressed my body up against his. I think I would have done anything for him right then and there.

"Well, he sensed what I was feeling, and he obviously was feeling it too, because he took my face in both his hands and tilted my lips up to him and he kissed me very hard and passionately. Then, without a word, he eased me into place beneath him on the couch and made love to me.

"Now, the point I'm making is this. If he had said 'Let's go into the bedroom'—well, of course I would have gone, naturally. But I'm so glad he didn't. It would have broken the whole spell. I mean, everything had gone so perfectly ... it was so beautiful, the way we kind of just flowed into it. It would've been great even if we were in the kitchen and making love on the cold linoleum instead of before the warm fireplace on the sofa in the living room."

Recalls Georgia, 26, a nurse in Cleveland: "It's funny, the things you remember. I can't tell you what made Mike one of the best first-night lovers I ever had, but I do remember something about our first time together.

"We were at my apartment and we had roasted some chestnuts in the oven. Now, an hour later, we were sitting around eating them and drinking wine. We were also kissing and petting, and I was getting very excited.

"Mike slowly undressed me down to my panties. Then, just before he started to take them off, he stopped abruptly and whispered, 'Did you turn off the oven?'

"It was incongruous, of course. But it was also very soft and sexy, the way he asked it, and I got even more turned on. I thought it was very cute and husband-like of him to remember. It showed he was really there and aware of everything that was going on—not just looking for a receptacle for his sexual energies."

"Yeah, sex is fun and I'm all for it—when it feels right," says Joyce, 29, a coatcheck girl in California. "I'm not so hung up I feel I have to marry the guy. In fact, getting involved with someone doesn't turn me on too much right now.

"But knowing I've finally found someone I can make love to and know there'll be something there—even the smallest attachment—when the sex is over ... well, for me, that's terribly important."

It's most important for most women I interviewed, and I dare say it's important for most women in the world. While men frequently are capable of enjoying sex without any emotional strings whatsoever (and while a few women are also capable of it), the average woman both wants emotional/love ties and needs them if sex is to be successful for her.

Says Andrea, 28, a secretary in St. Louis: "Women have finally woken up to their sexual rights. They aren't men's flunkies anymore. If you want sexual satisfaction, you've got to be prepared to give it also.

"I will not make it with a guy who doesn't take the time and trouble to get me turned on. In the old days I would. But no more. I know where things are at now.

"If a guy wants to make it with me, he's got to turn me on first. It's as simple as that."

Andrea's views, while not as original or novel as she may think, are, to be sure, shared by an increasing number of females in these days of women's liberation. Actually, sexually competent males have respected these principles long before Women's Lib became a nationally recognized phrase.

No competent lover will attempt to have sex with a woman before she is fully turned on. The best gauge of this, of course, is the fact that she is profusely lubricated vaginally.

What about afterplay?

"I think of it as a big commitment when I make love to a man," says Shelley, 22, a college student. "Some people may take it casually, but I think sex is a way of telling someone that he is very important to you. Boy, is it a bummer when you do—and then find that you don't mean two shakes to him."

Shelley's point is well taken. Almost every woman I've interviewed complained about the 'wham-bam-no-thank-you-ma'am' lover!

This doesn't mean that you've got to be a marathon sexer who leaves her limp with exhaustion. It does mean, however, that you don't get up nonchalantly a second and a half after you've climaxed, put on your shoes and socks, and stroll out whistling "I've Got the World on a String."

Afterplay—that period of warm, tender affection immediately following coitus—is more important to many women than either foreplay or the act of coitus itself. As Barbara, a 27-year-old nurse, puts it:

"When I've given myself to a man, I like to feel that he appreciates it. Not that I'm doing him any favors, mind you. But I have done something that I don't just do with every guy who comes down the pike. So I don't want to be treated like a used kleenex!"

◆ ◆ ◆

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LATER
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OH, JIM IS IN ELECTRONICS NOW
YOU SEEM MIGHTY HAPPY IN ELECTRONICS, JIM. LEVEL WITH ME—HOW'D YOU BREAK IN?
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Mafia Kidnap

Continued from page 14

nearest him closed the gap in seconds and brought the barrel of his automatic down across the side of Chuck's head. Blood spurted as he threw a punch that caught the unprepared mobster on the side of his jaw. Chuck felt blood ooze onto his fist as his second punch flattened the man's nose.

The others moved in then, grabbing him from behind and pinning his arms to his back. He tried to drive his elbow into the solar plexus of the man behind him but it was a futile attempt. He didn't have the strength. It had been squeezed out of him by the mobster whose nose he had bloodied and who was now using Chuck's head as a speed bag.

He felt the first nauseating waves of vertigo sweep over him as the hoods continued their brutal attack. He could taste blood as they let his body slump to the floor.

The last thing he saw was the four of them carrying off Julie.

It was Julie he saw again when he came to, except this time she was larger than life and seemed to be hanging over him. As the haze of his unconsciousness cleared he recognized it as a life size oil painting of Julie. And standing next to the painting was Julie's father, Anselmo Vinzenite.

As usual he cut a handsome figure. He wore a black pin striped suit accented by a glittering gold watch chain that hung from button hole to vest pocket. A burgundy tie with matching breast pocket handkerchief set off his white shirt and a crown of silver-grey hair completed the picture. He closed the door behind him and neared Chuck's bed.

"Julie?" Chuck's lips and throat were so parched that the word was barely audible.

Anselmo poured a glass of water for Chuck from the pitcher on the end table. Then he eased his elegant tailoring into an over stuffed red velvet chair that overlooked the expanse of his property.

"Where the hell is Julie?" Chuck rasped as he struggled upright.

"She has been kidnapped. The men you fought with last night are holding her. They called here after they left your apartment. My men were there, found you and brought you here."

"Have you called the police? Do they want to talk with me?"

"The police will not want to talk to anyone. They do not know of the kidnapping. You are the only outsider that is involved. That is why you are in my house. I didn't want you running to the cops like a scared school boy."

"What kind of crap are you handing me, Vinzenite? Your daughter is kidnapped and you tell me that you don't want to call the cops—are you nuts? What the hell do you think you're going to do?"

Anselmo pressed his palms together, tolerating the question only because it had been asked by an outsider. He prayed his [illegible]. The men that had beaten Chuck and abducted Julie, he explained patiently, were led by Bruno Lo Bianco—a young maverick within Anselmo's mob who had been making a play for more power. He was dissatisfied with his position in the organization and was looking to move up—fast. Anselmo had granted him some concessions but Bruno wasn't satisfied. He had kidnapped Julie with the intention of ransoming her back to her father for the price of more mob control.

Police involvement was of course out of the question. If they were called in he'd have to explain that the ransom demand was part of his crime empire. The D.A. would have more than enough evidence to put him on ice for 20 years—probably permanently when the mob found out. And then there was the question of honor. The kidnapping was a personal attack. An attempt to belittle him in the eyes of other bosses. He had already been disgraced by having Julie taken from him. He had to get her back on his own to save face.

"You see, it is a question of tradition. Without tradition we would be nothing. If I were to call the police, Julie would be killed and I would be ridiculed. Driven out of the organization because I had allowed my family's honor to be disgraced. When a man is in trouble he does not beg for help—he helps himself. That is what I intend to do. My men will return Julie to me unharmed and it will be done without meeting Bruno's demands.

"Until then you'll remain here. My men have orders. I cannot risk having you go to the cops and louse things up. You are an outsider and the safety of my daughter comes first."

"Your daughter is due to become my wife and in my eyes that makes this my fight. I don't care what you say, Vinzenite. I'm not going to sit here on my hands while Julie is in trouble."

"Listen, you lousy son of a bitch. I told you before I will see you dead rather than allow you to marry Julie. You are not right for her. My father was Italian. I am Italian and my grandchildren shall be one hundred percent Italian." As far as Vinzenite was concerned that was the end of their conversation. He left, slamming the door behind him.

Chuck sat alone in the bed mulling over the conversation he had just had. All that seemed to concern Vinzenite was his honor. The fact that his daughter might already be dead didn't even enter into his mind.

It was almost unbelievable that Vinzenite could be so concerned with his honor when the life of his only daughter was at stake. It was even more unbelievable that he actually expected Chuck to sit quietly on the sidelines while Julie was being held hostage. He loved her too much, had envisioned their future together too many times, to have it all taken away by a bunch of second rate hoods. He wanted Julie as his wife and was prepared to take on the whole Mafia, if necessary, to get her. By the time Anselmo got off his well fed butt and stopped worrying about his precious honor, she could be dead.

Standing, he started to dress. It was painful because of the bruises from the night before but it wasn't anything he couldn't bear. He checked the door and as he expected it was locked. His room was on the second floor and from his window he could see the huge iron gates that closed off the end of the driveway to Vinzenite's estate. Soldiers with [illegible] gun holsters under their stay press jackets patrolled near the gate and house.

He started to work up an escape plan in his mind. Without a gun he would have to rely on surprise to take the guards. He didn't like the thought of killing but knew that he would if forced. His planning was interrupted by a ringing phone.

He lifted the dial-less extension phone and heard the sound of a gruff male voice.

"Well, Vinzenite?"

"Be patient, Bruno, these things take time. You cannot expect—"

Vinzenite was cut short by the sound of a woman's voice. It was strained, frightened.

"Daddy ... Daddy you have to help me. They'll kill me. They'll ..." The sound of a low flying plane drowned out the rest of Julie's message.

"Now listen, Vinzenite. You've got a pretty little girl here and I'm sure that you don't want her hurt. She's standing in front of me now and I'm holding her hand—admiring it. You know, your girl here really does have beautiful hands. What are they worth to you?"

"What are you saying, Bruno?" Anselmo's voice was laced with fear.

"Take her thumb, Vinzenite. Is it worth, say 25 percent of the loan shark action on the docks? Answer me quick, you bastard, otherwise my knife is going to cut that pretty little thumb off and you'll get it in the morning mail."

"Yes, yes, it's worth it. Don't hurt her. We can make a deal, Bruno."

"What about her forefinger. I think it should be worth at least 40 percent of your drug business. After all, it's bigger than her thumb."

"My God, Bruno—stop it. You can have what you want. Just give me enough time to put everything in order."

"Okay, your little girl can keep her fingers. But I'm warning you. I'll give you 36 hours to come across. After that you had better start opening your mail with rubber gloves."

The phone went dead and Chuck could taste the anger rising inside of him.

The night couldn't have been better if it had been made to order. Chuck stood by the window staring out at the moonless night. A faint glow thrown by the lights of the house outlined the parking area on the left. All of Anselmo's cars were there, including a big Olds that was just right for what he had in mind.

He waited until the last light in the downstairs rooms had flickered out. His window

(Continued on page 52)

EDITOR'S NOTE

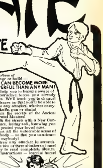
Long before California was rocketed into the headlines by the kidnapping of Patricia Hearst there occured a similar event in Minnesota. Though the victims were as wealthy and as powerful as Hearst, the crime was never launched into national prominence. In fact, until today it has remained buried, concealed by a shield of silence that has been in existence since the Middle Ages.

Both the kidnapped and the kidnappers were part of a powerful Mafia family that still rules in Duluth today. The story came to STAG editors via an informant who was on the scene and who related the incident to a reporter friend of his. The reporter has asked that we publish his story anonymously since he fears repercussions from the mob. The boss of the family involved has sworn an oath to kill anyone who relates the story. It was probably the most embarrassing event to ever befall a Mafia family.

5th sig. 51-

KARATE

JUDO-JIU-JITSU-SAVATE



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Not any more, said a California court of appeals as it ruled unconstitutional a state Banker's Lien law which had made such high-handedness legal. It held that "judicial hearing before seizure of property" was a constitutional right which could not be abridged by state statute.

■ ■ ■

EMANCIPATED—Despite all your efforts your son is a confirmed troublemaker. Finally, a few days after his 17th birthday, he moves out, finds his own place and gets a job. Several months later he becomes seriously ill, running up some large medical bills in the hospital. When he can't come up with the cash, the hospital decides to sue you for its money. Are you liable for your son's debts?

No you're not, said a Colorado court. Had he not moved out, you would be but since he's leading an adult life on his own, the law considers he is legally "emancipated" for the remainder of his minority and solely responsible for any debts he incurs.

■ ■ ■

COUNTERING—When your boss fires you from your position as a counter man for a rent-a-car agency he gives you a lot of hokum about job performance. But later you learn you've been replaced by a very attractive young lady who is part of your ex-company's efforts to make rentals more appealing. Can you seek redress with the claim that you've been a victim of sex discrimination in employment?

Yes you may, ruled the California Fair Employment Practice Commission and in a similar case awarded the plaintiff a substantial amount of back pay because, it said, the plaintiff lost his job "solely because of his sex."

■ ■ ■

UNDER THE GUN—Suspecting you of being a jewel thief, the police obtain a warrant to search your home. While poking about they stumble on a private cache of machineguns and bazookas you have accumulated as part of your revolutionary political plans. Although their search warrant specifies jewels and nothing else as the object of their search, can your weapons be seized regardless and you be charged with the crime of possession?

They certainly may, ruled an Illinois court. While a warrant to search for one thing does not entitle the police to look for another, machineguns and bazookas are considered contraband and their discovery falls outside the normal restrictions on a search warrant.

■ ■ ■

BIG GAMBLER—In the face of your reputation as a drinker and gambler, your girl marries you anyway, banking on being able to change your ways after the nuptials. But the job turns out to be tougher than she'd bargained for and after three years she files for divorce. Will her suit be granted?

Sorry, said a California court. She knew about your habits before she married you and since nothing has changed, the law sees no reason her marital status should do so either.

(Continued from page 50)

swung silently to one side as he pushed it open and dropped his long legs over the sill. He fumbled for a moment, then his feet caught the firm grip of the rose trellis.

His descent was slow, complicated by thousands of thorns on the rose bush that bit relentlessly into his hands and face. Just above the first floor window there came a terrible loosening of wood and a wrenching, screaming creak as the trellis began to pull clear of its mountings.

Chuck twisted his weight to regain his balance. It was a futile act. The trellis was going down and his squirming was only speeding the process. Reaching clear of the trellis, he gripped a protruding building stone and without pausing for an instant continued swinging his body until his left hand was able to seize the drain pipe. The trellis, relieved of the extra weight, swayed uncertainly and came to rest angled away from the wall at an ugly angle.

Clamping his arms around the drain pipe he shinnied the last few feet to the ground. Checking once again to be sure that his descent had gone unnoticed, he sprinted for the parking area.

The lone guard sitting on the fender of the Olds Toronado offered no resistance. He uttered a barely audible grunt as Chuck slugged him, pulled him off the car and then slid behind the wheel.

Getting out would be more difficult. The minute he keyed the engine Anselmo's soldiers would be all over the place. He prayed that he was lucky.

The Olds kicked to life with a touch of the key and Chuck had it in gear and speeding down the driveway when the first lights came on. In the rear view mirror he could see men running after him from all directions. Anselmo himself stood on the porch directing his men. Shots thudded against the Olds' body.

He wheeled the heavy car through the last curve before the iron gates. The rear window turned into thousands of glass bits as a slug passed through and buried itself in the dashboard. The guard at the gate was just beginning to raise his shotgun as the Olds' headlights flooded the iron bars, illuminating them as if they were on center stage.

An instant before the gate, Chuck ducked beneath the dash. There was the grinding sound of metal against metal and the shearing of a dozen bolts as the Olds caught the gate. The bars buckled, then exploded outward under the impact of the heavy car. The hood popped up and was thrown clear, its hinges bent beyond endurance, cranked free of their mounting bolts. The driver's side window fell away as the soldiers' shotgun roared and pelted the car. Blood flowed from the cuts in Chuck's face and left arm but he managed to keep the car on the road.

Sitting upright, he slammed the Olds around corners until he was running on the Atlanta road. He had put about six miles between himself and Anselmo's men when the red temperature light flickered once, then again and finally came on to stay. The gate had badly damaged the radiator and his engine was only moments away from overheating. He slid through a sharp turn in the road, stopped, then backed up and left the now steaming Olds parked diagonally across the road. Then he slipped over the shoulder and into a drainage ditch.

Within moments a black sedan leaned heavily into the curve as its driver sped through the turn. There was a look of total disbelief on his face as his headlights picked out the wrecked Olds. He cut his wheels hard to the right and locked the brakes but it was useless. The sedan rolled into the rear

(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 52)

of the Olds. Like dinosaurs locked in mortal combat, the two cars wrestled, rolled over and then dissolved into a ball of bright orange flame.

A mile later Chuck was on the main road into town. A salesman in a three-year-old Ford gave him a lift into Duluth. Going back to his apartment was at this point out of the question. Anselmo's men were probably crawling all over the place.

He registered under the name of Charles Gremlin in a small motel and tried to fit the pieces together.

* * *

"You all know what happened tonight. I don't need to tell you what it means to have that guy on the loose." Anselmo paused for a moment to pour himself another nerve-steadying brandy.

"I want you to put all your men in the field. I want every available gun out pounding the pavement. I want that bastard found before dawn. He's got to be somewhere. Check the motels, hotels, flop joints, anywhere a guy on the run could hide. I want him back. There's a $5,000 bonus for the man that gets him."

Anselmo's lieutenants were almost at the door when he added,

"And no gun play. I want this guy back alive."

* * * * *

It had been a rough night for Chuck. He tossed and turned, replaying the phone conversation he had overheard, looking for a clue that would lead him to Julie. Finally, amid the haze of all that had happened, something started to break through.

Seagulls. All during the ransom call Chuck heard seagulls, as if the call was coming from the wharf area. It was a slim clue but all he had. Chuck stood and started to dress.

The sound of gravel crunching under the tires of a car drew him to the motel window. Anselmo's men. Four of them in a dark blue sedan.

Chuck seized the six drawer dresser under the mirror and dragged it in front of the door. He secured the chain and piled the mattress on top of the chest. Still buttoning his shirt he went into the bathroom and locked the door. Outside, he could hear the hoods breaking through the front. Wrapping his arm in a large bath towel he smashed through the frosted glass of the small window above the tub and vaulted over the sill. He rolled on the rough gravel, stood up and sprinted for the woods. Behind him he heard shouts as the front door finally gave way.

Working with the seagull clue Chuck headed for the Duluth waterfront. Little had changed around the docks since he had last been there. For two years he had hauled freight off those piers and had met almost every guy who worked the docks. Some of them had become close friends. Now he hoped that one of them would be able to tag Bruno Lo Bianco for him.

The door of the Crow's Hatch opened slowly as Chuck stepped from the bright sunshine into the yellow barroom glow. Petey, the morning bartender, continued wiping his glasses as he spoke with Chuck.

"Yeah, I knew Bruno. Comes in a lot—though I haven't seen him in about two weeks. He's always somewhere around the docks—skimming a buck or two wherever a guy's back is turned. He thinks he's hot—real big time. Only problem is that it's all in his head. The guy's a punk, but he's got muscle.

"If you're thinking of taking them on, you'd better brace for a long battle."

Chuck threw down the remainder of his drink and walked out of the bar into the hustle of the docks. For the rest of the day Chuck searched the docks. He asked at bars, diners, pawn shops, anywhere there was a friendly face. And each time he had gotten the same answer: Bruno hadn't been around for about two weeks.

Chuck's mind struggled with a few clues he had as he stepped from a small eatery into the late afternoon sun. As he did, a white customized Mark IV turned into the street. He recognized it immediately. It had been parked next to Anselmo's Olds the night before. He broke into a sprint as the car accelerated through the narrow street towards him.

He raced for the pier head where the street ended in the oily waters of Lake Superior. They were closer now and glancing over his shoulder he could see the driver's face etched with determination as he wrestled the car through parallel lines of packing crates.

Chuck's hand found the guardrail and he vaulted it without problem. He paused for an instant on the edge, then arched through the air down towards the water. He sliced through the murky lake, going deeper with each stroke. He flipped over underwater and swam submerged to the safety of the pilings before surfacing. He clung to the barnacle encrusted timbers until he heard the hoods get back into their car and drive out of the street.

Exhausted, he pulled himself out of the water and onto a small loading ledge to rest. That was too close. He would have to stay hidden until nightfall.

He sat on the dock staring at the setting sun and listening to seagulls battle one another for fishermen's throwaways. The orange sky of dusk parted as a jet passed, laying its snowy white contrail across the face of the sun. Suddenly it all made sense. The one piece that had been missing was there before him.

When he had eavesdropped on Bruno's phone call he had heard the sound of Bruno's voice being drowned out by an airplane. Not a large jet, but a small private job. Add to that the cries of the seagulls and you came up with the Seaplane Marina. The only place in town where you could hear seagulls and a small plane at the same time.

The shore of Lake Superior lay blanketed with a dense, sullen mist. With no moon and with the fog increasing by the minute, the waterfront was an almost impenetrable mass of solid blackness.

Occasionally the silence was broken by the muffled chugging of a motor boat or the deep throated blast of a steamer's whistle.

Chuck used the darkness to move from the docks to the marina. He bypassed the buildings bunched around the main dock and headed down shore looking for a building that he could only identify by sound: a place near enough to the marina to be in the path of approaching planes, yet secluded enough to conceal a kidnap victim.

He neared an area where the shore jutted out into the lake in twin fingers. The two parallel spits of land formed a long, narrow neck of water, almost a canal into the lake. Ahead, a dark smudge of a building sat at the junction between the two banks of land. About 80 feet long and less than half as wide, it resembled an airplane hangar. The forward third of the building hung out over the water and served as a boat garage. The rear section was aglow with lights. As he rushed closer he could hear voices from inside and he recognized the lone guard as the hood who had beaten him during the kidnapping.

A length of cord pulled taut across the guard's throat and he slipped to his knees at Chuck's feet. Chuck reached under the man's coat, pulled his gun free and tucked it in his own waistband. Through the window Chuck saw four men grouped around a card table. One of them fit the description he had gotten for Bruno. Double bay doors separated the card players from where twin docks pushed outward forming a berth that held a 30' cabin cruiser. Along one side, sitting on the dock, was Julie. She was bound to a roof brace and a gag cut across her mouth.

Carefully easing himself into the water, Chuck swam around the front of the building. Sliding doors reached to just below the water level and he had to dive under the surface to clear them. Coming up, he was inside the garage, his presence concealed by the hull of the cabin cruiser. He slipped to the dock where Julie sat. Pulling himself out of the water he whispered, "We're getting out of here. Be ready. As soon as the shooting starts I want you to get in the boat. Keep low and move fast."

Julie nodded as he reached up and slit the ropes that bound her. Then he slid back into the water.

It was time for the second part of his plan. Above him, anchored to the ceiling and running the length of the building, was a rail used for moving engines and other heavy equipment. A 100 hp Massey inboard hung from a block and chain just a few feet behind the boat. Chuck glanced from the motor to the card players who were about 40 feet away. It would be a matter of precision and timing, but the element of surprise was on his side.

Ever so slowly he slid out of the water onto the dock, halted a moment to catch his breath and gauge distance. Then he leaped straight up.

Arching through the air he caught the chains that supported the engine and released the safety latch at the same time. The heavy motor, activated by the inertia of Chuck's body, rumbled forward along the rail. Chuck pulled his gun and held on. The kidnappers turned, surprise dissolving to horror as the 600 pound motor raced towards their card table. Guns were drawn in an instant and shots smashed into the engine block.

At the last instant, just in front of the double doors that closed off the work area of the building from the garage, Chuck leaped off. The engine smashed through the doors, crushing the table and pinning one of the card players to the rear wall. The others, as soon as they realized they were being attacked by one man, struggled out of the wreckage and began firing. Chuck ran back towards Julie and the boat, pausing only

(Continued on page 56)

I think sex is too important to be left just to married people

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YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

Continued from page 8

friend has had intercourse within the last 8 hours? If not within 8, is there any time limit?

C.D., Ohio

Chemical tests of swabbing from inside her vagina could detect sperm, which would indicate that intercourse had taken place within a reasonably short time—say 8-12 hours. Visual examination might also detect redness, lacerations, etc., indicating friction inside the vagina—either caused by a penis or something similarly shaped. These are the methods police doctors use to establish that a girl has been raped—though if you're merely worried about your girl cheating on you, I'm afraid they won't help you very much.

10. There is a college in our town, and some of the girls there have been very big on this streaking thing. Do you think the girls who do this are easy lays? Would I be better off coming on to them than to ordinary chicks?

R.M., Tennessee

I know of no scientific studies on the sexual habits of streakers, but my own feeling is that female streakers would fall into two groups: the genuinely exhibited, who would be easier to get into bed, and the pseudo-swingers who use streaking as a substitute for sex. There's no harm trying, of course, but don't expect miracles.

11. If a man has been circumcised, can he still produce children?

V.Z., Indiana

Absolutely. The operation has nothing to do with fertility.

12. My husband and I have been married for 14 months. He calls me a nymphomaniac because I want sex at least once a week. Frequently weeks go by without his getting the desire. Is he abnormal for not even being aroused when I walk out of the shower nude to seduce him? Or is something wrong with me?

P.F., New Jersey

There's not necessarily anything wrong with either of you, but there's certainly something wrong with your marriage. I suggest you consult a counselor together.

13. I'm a 17-year-old male virgin. Do you think it would be advisable for me to have sex with a prostitute?

T.S., Ontario

I think it would be preferable to have sex with a girl who wants you for the same reason you want her. If your curiosity is overwhelming, by all means go ahead and hire a hooker. But don't get hung up about 17 being too old to be a virgin. Some of the happiest and sexually most fulfilled men in the world did not have first intercourse until they were out of their teens.

14. Is there any physical or psychological danger in masturbating every day?

V.D., Rhode Island

No.

15. Is it true that a man's sex life is all downhill after age 18?

C.R., New York

Most authorities consider 16 to 18 the peak years for being able to ejaculate quickly and getting another erection shortly afterward. But experience and knowledge of techniques, along with psychological factors, usually make sex much more satisfying as you get older.

16. So many sex manuals advise experimenting with way-out things, but my wife and I are perfectly happy as we are. Would there be any value in our trying this stuff?

L.J., Texas

The very fact that you've written me about this makes me wonder if you're quite as happy as you say. If sexual experimentation turns you off, by all means don't experiment. But if you're curious, give it a try—you may be very pleasantly surprised.

17. A girl and I had sex about 15 times. Now she claims I made her pregnant. We didn't use contraceptives, but I took my penis out of her before climaxing. Could I have made her pregnant anyway?

N.M., Washington

Yes. Some sperm cells can enter the vagina before you feel the powerful sensations of orgasm.

18. What is "erotolalia"? I've read this word in books but can't find it in the dictionary.

R.W., California

Erotolalia is sexual pleasure associated with saying or hearing "sexy" or obscene words like fuck, cock, prick, etc.

SPECIAL NOTE: Several months ago, I wrote about penile splints for impotent men. I've been deluged with requests for more information, including the name of a physician who will perform the operation.

Regarded as major surgery, the operation costs $500 to $2,000. Aftercare may run another $1,000. A few physicians will reduce their fees if you are short of funds, but most will simply turn you away.

In any case, physicians will almost never perform the operation unless your impotence is total (i.e., you never get an erection under any circumstances) and related to physical injury or disease. In other cases, psychotherapy is the preferred treatment.

If you want help for impotence, don't seek a splint implant until you've explored other possibilities. Read "The Layman's Explanation of Human Sexual Inadequacy" by Dr. Paul J. Gillette (Award Books, 235 East 45 St., New York, N.Y. 10017) for basic information. If this doesn't help, consult a physician—preferably a urologist—who specializes in such problems.

If this doesn't help, then—and only then—should you consider an implant. In this case, send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll send you the name of a physician who performs the operation.

(Continued from page 54)

long enough to hit the switch that electronically operated the forward bay doors. He heard a motor start and saw the doors slowly beginning to separate, revealing the lake.

Scrambling into the boat, he pressed the starter and the motor coughed to life. He looked through the small windshield at the doors that were still opening. From behind him came shouts as the remaining kidnappers neared the doors. They would be on him in seconds and the bay doors were only partly opened.

Chancing it, he pushed the throttle wide open and the boat shot forward. Securing lines ripped free as the boat ploughed through the half-open doors, shearing fishing poles and running lights. It continued forward, the sound of splintering wood filling the night.

Chuck wheeled the boat towards open water as the hoods broke free and started firing. He winced as one of the slugs found its mark, tearing shirt fabric and muscle, cutting a path along the top of his shoulder. Other shots poured into the boat's dash, sending up small explosions of wood and plastic shards as gauges disintegrated.

They had travelled about 600 yards when he noticed the boat slowing and getting sluggish. He cut the throttle, threw the engine out of gear and pushed open the cabin door. Debris floated in hip-deep water that was rising higher as the lake rushed through a gaping hole in the bow. The garage doors had done more damage than he'd realized.

He grabbed Julie and the two of them stepped into the icy waters of the lake as it poured over the gunwales.

The swim to shore was a long one. Arms and legs cramped and nearly useless after hours of being tightly bound, Julie could only float. With his last reserves of strength and a shoulder that was fast becoming numb and useless, Chuck dragged them both towards a crumbling jetty—about 1,000 yards from the building where Julie had been kept prisoner.

In the distance, coming from the direction of the garage, Chuck heard shouts and a volley of shots. Then he saw five men leave the marina and begin moving along the waterfront.

He held Julie close as Anselmo's soldiers neared, guns cradled in their arms.

*****

Chuck's wound had been bandaged and both of them were enjoying the comfort of dry clothes and hot coffee as they sat in the kitchen of Anselmo's house. Anselmo walked into the room, his face expressionless. He studied Julie and Chuck for a moment before he spoke.

"My men tell me that you gave them a pretty hard time. They say they had to chase you all over Duluth. They also say that you took on Bruno and his mob single-handed and that you hardly left anything for them to do. It takes quite a man to do a job better than my guys.

"I almost hate to say it, but you're a damn brave man. A brave man is welcome in my house."

Anselmo smiled as he extended his hand towards Chuck. ◆◆◆

STAG STOPPER: Here's a government press release from Swaziland: "Stop indulging in the foreign practice of committing ritual murders with the wrong belief that parts of the human body can increase agricultural production."

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Night Of The Rattlers

Continued from page 38

an then snake was almost in the cabin somewhere. The track would make him easy to follow, but the first thing I had to do was stop that cotton by the door.

It was going to be hard, I knew. A cotton is a mean snake — worse than a rattler even. He'll fight back instead of crawling away or just coiling into a pile. And the one there on the floor was no exception.

As soon as he felt me out there, he came forward, head about six inches off the floor. In the beam of light I could see his white cottony mouth and those tiny eyes set back in his head. Like a dog's or a coon's eyes, they glowed with a greenish fire.

The only thing close at hand was a whiskey bottle, so I grabbed it up and threw it, which made more noise than I wanted. It stopped the snake, however.

Stunned and surprised, it rolled back into a coil and hunkered. When a cotton hunkers, he tucks his head down inside the coils of his body so it's almost impossible to hurt him unless you've got a gun — which I didn't.

With that other snake crawling around in the cabin somewhere, there was no time to play games with the snake, like dangling something in front of him to make him strike. So I grabbed a stick of firewood and the plastic cloth Sarah had spread on the table. Holding the flashlight handle in my teeth, I closed in, knowing damn well that as soon as I was within a snake length radius of him, I'd be in his strike zone.

About four feet away, I held the table cloth out and started to throw it over the snake, hoping to use that to pin him down while I worked on his head with that stick of firewood. The snake struck before I could pin him though, and damn near hit me in the leg. Sprawled out beside me he was helpless, so I swung and clipped him in the back of the head. The blow broke his skull, but that didn't stop his body from rolling and twisting spasmodically like a sliced worm all over the kitchen.

He finally knocked a chair over against the stove, upsetting a pot that rattled to the floor hard enough to wake Sarah up in the next room. She didn't call out "What's going on?" or "What's happening?" She screamed bloody murder.

* * * * *

The whole mess started about a week before when Sarah and I decided to take a summer vacation in South Carolina's Tugaloo Swamp. The river — also named Tugaloo — that flows through that swamp has some of the finest bream fishing in the state. She and I both love fishing and, believe me, we needed to do something together for a while instead of yank at one another.

The problem was partly my job. Tooling around the country in a big semi is no way to hold a marriage together, especially with all the distractions that are cropping up around truck stops these days.

Before Mark was born, about 10 months ago, Sarah used to go with me on the road. A tough woman — on the outs, anyway — she had her license and even helped me drive. She also kept me out of those roadside joints where a woman will lay a quinkie on you in a hurry.

After Mark was born, though, Sarah had to stay home, which meant we were seeing each other only a day or so each week. Then she found that damn bra under the mattress of my cab sleeper. That did it.

She packed up, went home to her mom and said she was never coming back. The only way I could get her home was with a promise that we'd go to Felder's Island for a week. I also swore I'd stay out of those roadside joints. I meant it, too, incidentally, because a woman like Sarah — tough and tender at the same time — is hard to come by, especially when all that's packed into a body that had men begging when I married her.

Well, everything went so so in the beginning. A local guide, Sam Parkins, hauled us up the Tugaloo and dropped us on a lonely bend about a quarter mile from his cabin. It was hot as hell and Sam had scared Sarah half out of her wits coming up the river by spinning some tale about rattlesnakes crawling in the daytime, which usually meant a flood was coming.

Sam was, so to speak, right as rain because that same afternoon the bottom dropped out of the sky. We didn't wet a line either, so by nightfall the storm inside the cabin was about as bad as the storm jumping around in the clouds. I must have been reminded a hundred times about that line when both of us finally quit hollering long enough to look around and notice that the Tugaloo was over its banks.

By the next morning it was flowing less than 600 feet from the cabin. And strange things were happening out there in the rain. With water spilling over into the swamp, wildlife — including snakes — had to go somewhere. Being the cabin was built on a knoll, that somewhere was the clearing right outside.

Standing on the porch that afternoon before I saw that first cottonmouth get inside, Sarah and I counted eight deer in the clearing, 20 rabbits, 18 raccoon and about a hundred snakes, mostly cottons and rattlers. A painter standing in the doorway could have made a fortune.

Listening to the rain pounding on the tin roof that night, we didn't fight a bit. About midnight Sarah got up, though, and went to bed — her bed. Me, I was still in the kitchen because sleeping together was something we hadn't gotten around to for about two weeks. In case you were wondering, that's why I was in the living room with a crazy cotton bouncing around on the floor when Sarah started screaming.

I knew right away what she was screaming about. Grabbing a gas lantern off the table, I made tracks for the bedroom, grabbing the woodstove poker on my way.

It took a minute for me to take in the situation.

First, there was the window Sarah had left open. Draped across the sill was a big diamondback rattler. On the bed below the window was another one, lying across her legs.

Luckily, she had sense enough not to move because there was something else in the room she hadn't seen. Sprawled across the headboard behind her was the biggest cotton I'd ever seen. He had to be six, maybe seven feet long. And his ugly head was a scant two feet from her head.

A load of venom in that part of the body spelled almost certain death.

"Don't move, Sarah," I whispered, glancing down at her rigid face.

Her eyes were wide as saucers and her teeth were gritted. Like I say, she's a tough woman when she has to be. She had seen my eyes take in the cotton behind her, and she still didn't move.

Easing forward, I circled the bed until the big snake across the headboard was faced the other way. It was too risky to hit him because he might roll down on top of Sarah and either bite her or scare her so much she jumped and got the rattlers after her.

I decided to use an old trick I had heard about but never seen: grab the cotton by the tail and yank!

I eased up on him, pulled, and the snake slipped off the headboard. But there I was with six — seven — feet of death in my hands.

According to the johns who told me about popping a snake, the next step was to jerk it like a whip, which would have broken its neck. But the trick didn't work. He was just too heavy and strong for that. Instead of popping, he doubled up in the middle and wrapping around my arm like a roadside quinkie around a trucker's waist.

A little surprised at being slung around, the snake didn't bite at first, giving me time to grab it just behind the neck and squeeze. The old story about snakes stinking is true, or at least it was about this one. So close to my face, the odor was nauseating — terrifying.

Holding it as tight as I could, I yanked the monster loose and swung at the wall to crush its head. Its head caved in all right, but the tail went wild. By the time I hurled his carcass in a corner, my face and arms were red with welts.

Turning back to the bed, I saw that the rattler in the window was lowering himself to the bed.

"Hang on, Sarah," I whispered reassuringly, waiting for the right moment.

When both of the snakes were sprawled across her legs, I reached carefully for the top of the covers and threw them back. Wrapped in the blankets that way, the snakes were harmless.

Sarah leapt out of the bed while I held on to the end of tossing covers. When she was in the hall, I rolled the mass of covers into a corner and backed up until we were both standing in the doorway.

It wasn't hard to figure what was happening. Out there in the dark, the Tugaloo was rising steadily right up to the door step. The snakes that had fled to the clearing for refuge were now fleeing to the cabin itself. If the water didn't go down soon — or if Sam didn't show up with his boat — we were in for a real nightmare.

It was obvious we had to make one room snakeproof somehow, and the best bet seemed to be the kitchen. Luckily, the door to that room was one of those swinging jobs that closed by itself, because the living room, which lay between us and the kitchen, was already loaded with snakes. Over on the sofa, a big cotton coiled snugly on a blouse Sarah had left there the night before. Sprawled across the coffee table was another one, its ugly head lying in the middle of a game of checkers we had started but never finished. Holding the lantern up, I saw seven more of them moving restlessly along the far wall.

"Come on. To the kitchen," I rasped, taking Sarah's hand.

It was ice cold, and I could feel her fingers trembling. She grabbed my hand like a vise and for a second I had some kind of crazy inappropriate sex feeling.

About halfway to the door, things got

(Continued on page 60)

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I should know. I wasted more good years than I care to remember before I finally discovered the secret of making money. I slaved up to my neck in debt, bounced around from one eight hour dead end job to another. Just working, waiting and wishing for a great fortune to fall in my lap. I got married, became a proud father at a young age. I worked in a toy factory for a short time and peddled household items from door to door but everything I tried was a failure because I didn't know the right moves to make. This only happened to me twelve years ago. No doubt there are millions who are suffering this agonizing torment now.

REVEALING THE RICH MAN'S SECRET MONEY MAKING METHOD

It's true that most rich persons keep their money making secrets to themselves, seldom sharing it with others. But fortunately I met several unusually fine minded rich men who were so impressed with my ambition to get rich that they agreed to teach me the secret money making techniques that their many years of making millions had taught them, providing I would virtually work for them at least one year. I eagerly jumped at the opportunity to gain this valuable knowledge and said yes to their generous proposition. So for one year I listened and watched very closely until I learned from A to Z how these financial wizards made thousands of dollars every single day. I'll always be most grateful to these men for teaching me the fast and easy money making secrets. It didn't even matter that I was practically penniless when I first put these methods into action.

SUDDENLY IT STARTED MAKING MONEY FOR ME

At first it was unbelievable. I paid off all my bills and my wealth continued to multiply. Huge sums of cash poured in so fast that I was forced to employ a full time bookkeeper, a corporation attorney, accountant and tax expert to help manage my prosperous financial affairs.

We had investments, property, stocks, money in the bank and can afford most anything we want. My family and I enjoyed our wealth and success. We were very proud of our accomplishments and it was our secret of making the right easy moves that made it all happen.

THIS IS YOUR CHANCE DON'T BLOW IT

It's a better chance than I had. If you're really serious I'm willing to share my secret. Surely I can afford to give it to you free of charge, but I won't. Why should I give you something for nothing? Instead I'm going to ask you to send me ten dollars for sharing my secret. What's more, I want you to know that I stand to make a fair profit from the information I mail you. Why not? If I can show you how to make more money than you ever made, why shouldn't I make a profit? Remember what I'm giving you for only ten dollars cost me 12 years to master. Even more important you get certified and documented proof beyond the slightest doubt that my method can make a fortune. That's why I can offer you this strongest legally binding guarantee ever made! A guarantee so incredible that you'll probably think it sounds too good to be true.

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This is a legal and binding guarantee from me to you. The information I'll send you can actually put thousands of dollars in your pocket. That this is my pledge to you: after just 10 days if you don't agree my secret method is worth at least $1000 in cash to you (one hundred times the ten dollars you pay) send it back and I'll rush a full refund including your 10¢ postage. You take absolutely no risk—not even the price of a stamp.

GET READY TO GET RICH

Every single day my method can bring you more cash. You'll never again need to borrow, budget or ask anyone for credit. You'll be proudly independent. You can enjoy those luxuries you've always dreamed about but never could afford. Sound impossible? But it's not. You only need a serious belief in my proven method, very small capital and enough ambition to give it a try. Remember, nothing ventured nothing gained and there is absolutely no way you can lose.

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Ed K. says: "I never earned over one hundred dollars a week in my life until I made 2 thousand dollars the first month using your money making method. I'm glad I took a chance." Sincerely Ed K. N.Y. You can easily earn what I taught him and now the money won over. So why not take advantage of this rewarding opportunity. Any news of good fortune travels fast. Already thousands of just average men and women have benefited from my concept. You will too. But I'm not promising you'll make as much money as fast as I have, yet it's possible you'll make a lot more even faster.

YOU CAN LIVE HIGH ON THE HOG AND DO LESS WORK

I'll show you how to stop breaking your back to make ends meet and start using your head to get easy riches. If you're seriously fed up with being treated like a hard working stiff while others enjoy the rich good life, then don't pass up this opportunity—you risk absolutely nothing—not even the price of a stamp.

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(Continued from page 58)

complicated. Lying in a chair within striking distance of the doorway was another cotton. I'd have to kill him before we could get through.

"Wait here," I said, releasing Sarah's hand and giving her the lantern to hold.

With the poker lying back there in the bedroom, the only handy thing to fight with was the leather belt I wore, the kind with a heavy Big Moe buckle on one end. Loosening it and pulling it through the loops, I crept forward letting the buckle dangle down.

After swinging once to the right of the chair in order to get the distance, I came around again and slammed the heavy buckle down on the snake, damn near cutting him in two. Bucking like a horse, it rolled off the chair and bounced around on the floor. The belt caught in the snake's body and before I knew what had happened the snake and belt were all wadded up into a writhing tangle.

Looking around, I saw how much I needed that belt, too. Sarah had backed up a few paces until her head was about a foot from the mantle. She hadn't noticed that a cotton had crawled up there ... a mean one.

By the time I saw him, he was drawn back into a knot, and his head was swaying slightly on his neck. A cotton, just like a rattler, doesn't rely on his eyes to see what he's after, but on a special heat seeking mechanism built into its head. The mechanism is so accurate and complicated the U.S. Air Force studied it to make those Sidewinder Missiles that fly up the tail pipe of enemy planes. That cotton on the mantle then was more or less sharpening his aim by rocking his head back and forth.

Desperately, I wheeled and threw my arm in between Sarah and the snake, knowing what would happen.

He nailed me on the elbow just like I expected. But much faster. I barely knew I'd been hit until it was all over and a hot pain began screaming up my elbow all the way to my shoulder.

The cottonmouth withdrew behind a pillow on the chair and we made tracks for the kitchen before he decided to strike again and slammed the door.

Flopping down on the table, I let Sarah go to work on the bite. She rummaged in the knapsack and came out with a snakebite kit. Inside the rubber kit was a blade which she'd dipped in the small container of alcohol.

"Tell me if it hurts, honey," she said.

Dizzy and all, the word honey leapt out at me like a ghost. That was better than all those other things she had been calling me. A hell of a lot better.

When she had cut an X shaped wound on the bite and then put the rubber suction cup on it, I rolled to a sitting position and grabbed her with my good arm.

"Don't talk," she protested. "Keep quiet and ... Oh Honey, I'm scared. I want us to get out of here alive. That's all that matters."

Okay, I told myself. Everything's hunky dorry again. At least we'd go out happy if worse came to worse.

Looking out the window, I saw that was just what had happened. There was enough light by then to see that the Tugaloo had risen even higher during the night. Brown swirling water was lapping around the foundation of the cabin and to top things off a young boar was swimming toward the cabin, obviously looking for a place to ride out the flood. In less scary circumstances, I'd have felt sorry for the animal, watching it buck the current and then wade up to the window. Then he began clawing at the frame. He no sooner busted through, though, than a big cottonmouth hit him in the face.

It was a gruesome sight. That cotton hanging from his nose and a half dozen others striking his body because he had disrupted their efforts to get onto the house. Bellowing in rage and pain, he sank back into the swirling muddy waters to find a more hospitable refuge. Immediately, snakes tried to fill the gaping hole in the window. It was incredible. There were snakes all along the side of the cabin and it was all I could do to keep them beaten back while I wedged a canvas pack into the opening.

We had only a moment of calm before our situation got worse though.

Water had been eating at the foundation of the cabin all night and the incessant creaks and groans under the floor told us we'd soon be floating with the rushing current.

It began when everything in the kitchen began to move. First, the big wooden table in the center of the room began to slide slowly toward the front wall. Then pots and pans got dumped out of the cupboard. The chimney of the wood stove fell and a cloud of soot boiled up, adding to the confusion. The stove itself tipped up on its side, finally fell over and began to slide on its side.

Scrambling to my feet, I jerked Sarah out of the way of the falling stove and boosted her toward one of the rafters overhead. Using the table, I climbed up behind her, afraid to see what had happened when the stove smacked into the wall.

It was worse than I thought. The stove put a hole through the door and a wave of snakes poured into the kitchen, their scales scraping over the pile of broken furniture and kitchen utensils.

Reaching up, I poked a hole in the beaverboard ceiling and wrenched out the roof planking. Then I pushed until the nails holding a section of tin roofing gave way. I pulled through onto the roof and hauled Sarah up behind me.

"Hang on!" I yelled, looking out over the terrifying expanse of water. We were floating straight toward the swamp when the cabin caught on something and began to tilt again. With water pushing at it from behind, it felt this time as if it were going to roll all the way over.

Finally, when one end of the roof was all the way down in the water, we stopped tilting and hung there in the current, bobbing like a great cork.

"We'll make it, honey," I yelled, patting Sarah on the closest thing available, which happened to be her butt.

She smiled a little and for a minute it began to feel like we were going to make it. With the rain stopped, the water would have to go down eventually. And Sam was bound to be on his way.

Then the cabin settled another foot and an incredible mass of snakes boiled up from under the eaves. They headed straight for one end of the roof that hung low in the water.

Twenty, then more, of the cottonmouths and rattlers slithered up on the roof. At first they hung back along the waterline, but then, as more and more snakes crawled up, the heavier ones pushed on up the roof.

In the confusion of getting up on the roof, I took no weapons, not even a stick of firewood. It would have taken a machine gun to keep them all back anyway. For a moment it crossed my mind that we would have to jump, even though there was almost no chance we'd be able to stay afloat in that wild current raging through the swamp.

Then something caught my eye. Among the debris sweeping down toward the cabin was a 50 gallon barrel, riding low and heavy in the water. Gasoline.

The poison in my system by then was a throbbing ache in my head and it was all I could do to keep from vomiting. With Sarah holding my legs, however, I managed to lean out into the current and grab the drum by the rim. Hugging it like a bear, I rocked it up on the roof and lay there gasping.

The bung on top was rusty, but with a little effort it finally came loose. The barrel on its side, I sloshed about a gallon or so down the roof so it would run under the snakes, which by then were sprawled everywhere. After waiting for the fumes to blow away, I struck a waterproof match and covered my face.

The gas on the roof shot into flame. Down in the water where most of the snakes were, a rainbowed pool of gas went off like a small bomb. When the black smoke blew away, the water was churning with twisting, dying snakes.

Sarah rolled up my sleeve and I could see where the poison had traced an ugly red line all the way up my arm.

The sun had gone down in a blood red tangle of clouds. The rain was over, but the approaching dark would make the roof a nightmare. Even with a full moon it would be difficult to spot a snake crawling up the roof.

Sarah came over and felt my forehead, then took off her blouse to cover me. I was about to nod off when we both heard a small motor sputtering in the distance. Momentarily, a voice rang out, commanding us to be still.

Sam ... the old coot, son of a bitch ... the pot-bellied, tobacco-chewing, bowlegged son of a wart hog ... Hell, crazy with praise, I called him all sorts of things in my head. He had made it through high water and all!

"Hold it, Miz Thomas. You too, Hank. Got somethin' needs doin' here," he croaked mysteriously.

Looking up, I saw the problem. Sarah and I had been so busy fighting the snakes on the roof we didn't notice that a big cottonmouth had slithered down a limb right over us.

"Come on, Sam. You old ..."

Before I could call him any more names, he cut loose with that deer gun of his. The slug blew the cotton's head wide open. Bits of flesh and bone splattered my foot. The snake fell and hit the water with a satisfying plop.

When we hit the dock an hour later, Sam packed us into his battered truck and whizzed off to the hospital. It was the next morning before I came to with a bottle of something running through a needle into my arm.

A little later, a herd of reporters came in, asking me how I felt ... what my reaction was to the experience ... that sort of thing. One of the reporters was Sam's oldest kid, so I told 'em all to go to hell but him. That's how he got the story.

But even he had to wait a while, because Sarah and I had something to do before we talked to anybody.

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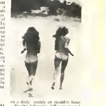
WHERE GIRLS HAVE THEIR FIRST SEX— I couldn t believe I was finally doing it admitted Anna L a Pittsburgh secretary My boy friend and I were home alone and I went upstairs to take a quick bath Next thing I knew he had come into the bathroom stripped down to his skin and was standing over the tub looking at me Somehow the sight of him all aroused broke down the last barrier Before I realized it he had slipped into the tub with me and we both went crazy This was one of 1,000 tape recorded memories in which girls all across the country were asked to tell when they had indulged in intercourse for the first time Over 70% had their first full experience in bed usually in their own homes—with a motel running a close second Next most popular sex scene was the automobile followed by a secluded clearing in a field or woods But among the more unusual 150 first sex spots recorded by the girls were these a basement pool table the bottom of a canoe inside a linen closet in a hospital (she was a nurse), the lavatory on a transcontinental plane (she was a stewardess) on a cemetery tombstone standing up on a N Y subway train and inside the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D C

GAS CRISIS RIP-OFF—You may be one of those sucked in by the slickest con job born in the middle of the recent gasoline shortage If you were you probably remembering pulling your car into a long line at a service station that was pumping gas As you sat there sweating out your turn, you were approached by a leather jacketed worker who made his way down the row of cars Here s your receipt for $3 worth of gas—that s all we re selling today To save time pay me now then hand this receipt to the man at the pump when you get there It sounded so reasonable you shelled out the money took the receipt and kept inching your way up to the tanks The rub was that once you got there the attendant looked at you like you were nuts Look bud he said I don t know nothing about your receipt You didn t pay me and until you do you get no gas As for the guy who collected your $3 he kept going down the line picking up the cash then disappearing once he hit the tail end

HOUSEWIVES WHO PERFORM ORAL SEX WITH EACH OTHER

They are not lesbians yet in any community these women will seek each other out They are women who need a certain amount of oral sex performed on them but who are either too embarrassed to suggest it to their husbands or whose husbands just don t dig it To supplement their sexual needs these women hunt others like themselves get together on weekday afternoons for oral sex parties In almost all cases the attachments are not lasting love affairs —merely an erotic romp in an area they can t share with their spouses Usually the women will indulge in manual foreplay until they are aroused enough to take care of each other orally In almost every instance once the husband agrees to indulge in this type of sex act with her the woman immediately stops all woman-to-woman activities

CALL GIRL NUDIST COLONY— A group of 25 top call girls have chipped in and bought a complete nudist colony setup in a secluded area of Pennsylvania For the months of July and August they will staff the place devoting their summer to catering to a select list of customers Men who are invited pay a flat fee on a daily weekly or monthly basis for the following full recreational facilities such as swimming boating all outdoor games room and three meals a day sex at any time of the day or night with any available girl This is not a low cost vacation but single swingers feel if they ever are going to bust their budgets this is the way to do it Look for a further report in STAG on how the first call girl nudist colony made it over the summer



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"Pimp Patrol"

Continued from page 13

to search all over town for Slater. We knew where we'd find him—on "Peacock Lane."

"Peacock Lane" is a three block stretch where the Macs hang out. It's sort of like the Stock Exchange of the prostitution trade where people in the sex business flock every night to catch up on the latest gossip, compare notes, swap information.

Saturday night, pimps were overflowing the sidewalks strutting up and down dressed to kill. I was cruising in a blue Dodge, Kathy beside me searching for Slater. After an hour of surveillance she spotted him entering Woody's Oasis.

"He's not going to be easy," she observed as I pulled up to the curb. "He's with Jimmy Denver."

Denver was an ex heavyweight bum who served as Slater's bodyguard. An old man at thirty, his brains were scrambled from too many punches in the ring, and he had a temper as unstable as a tro. I told Kathy to call for a backup team in case there was trouble.

"Don't get yourself killed on our last day," she said.

Right. I had forgotten that this was our last day on the vice squad. After my two-week vacation I would be transferred to homicide, while Kathy was assigned to head up the new rape division that was being formed. I gave her a peck on the cheek, stepped into the street.

Woody's was packed wall to wall. The bartenders scurrying back and forth like rats trapped in the hold of a sinking ship. Conversation had become chants as the customers struggled to be heard above the juke box blaring out a Motown song.

It took a few seconds for my eyes to become accustomed to the dim light. Then I recognized Slater and Denver sitting alone at one of the back booths. I shouldered my way to their table and joined them. They seemed surprised to see me. Denver whisked his hands under the table but not before I caught a glimpse of his battered knuckles.

"Hurt yourself, Big Man?"

He squirmed, but only a little. "You know how it goes. Still doin' a little on the heavy bag in the gym."

"That bag have a picture of Doris Haley on it?" I was talking to Denver but my eyes were on Slater.

The pimp pouted and looked up at the ceiling. "Yeah. Heard somebody did a job on her. That guy ought to get put away."

I took the warrant from my coat pocket, put it on the table and slid it to him. "This paper says you did it."

The pimp and his bodyguard exchanged looks. Slater took off his wide brimmed hat, mopped his forehead with a napkin and fingered the hat band. "She came at me with a knife. Denver had to stop her from killing me. It was self defense. Denver's my witness."

That was when I slugged him. Not because I was angry but because of what his fingers were doing. They were feeling behind the hat band—a pimp's favorite hiding place for the single edged razor blade such men carry.

Blood spurted from his mouth and spattered my raincoat. I reached across, grabbed his blue satin shirt and yanked down. His nose crunched as it made contact with the formica table top.

Denver's lumbering brain was slow to react, but when it did, he was like a wounded bear. He shot a right at me which I was only partially able to dodge because I was still sitting. His fist grazed the side of my head and set my ears ringing. He reared up to follow through. I jammed the table into his midsection, jumped to my feet and went for my .38. I had it halfway out of the holster when I stopped. There were too many spectators and an accidental shooting of an innocent bystander—even if he was a pimp—would look crummy on my record.

The delay gave Denver enough time to catch his second wind. He grabbed the table like it was cardboard, hoisted it above his head and hurled it at me. I ducked, then straightened to meet his charge.

Now I know what a naked bullfighter feels like when he's facing an enraged animal. I swung, putting every ounce of my 170 pounds behind a shot to Denver's solar plexus and it bounced off after meeting muscle the consistency of a truck tire. Denver then reached his massive arms for me, ignoring the blows I connected to his face, and gathered me to him pinning my arms to my sides.

He squeezed.

It was like being trapped in a human metal press. I felt my ribs begin slowly giving way and tried battering him with my forehead. If he felt it, it didn't make him loosen his grip.

I sank my teeth into the flesh on the side of his face and bit for all I was worth. He yelled and dropped me to the floor.

I started backing for the door, praying that the support team that Kathy'd requested over the radio would arrive there before Denver got to me again.

I never did make it. The solid press of onlookers in the bar blocked my way.

Denver closed for the kill. He threw two jabs my way. I managed to block them but each blow sent shocks of pain up my arms. He crouched and came in and it was then I decided to use my gun and the hell with a stray bullet hitting one of the customers.

One of them shouted, "Kill the Pig Denver!" and the others threw in their own comments. Denver took his attention off me for a second and stopped in the middle of his shuffle to acknowledge his admirers. It was all I needed. Kicking like a place kicker on a football team, my shoe sank into his groin. He gasped, cursed, doubled over and retched. I swiped up a beer bottle from one of the tables and shattered it over his scalp. He went down.

"Well, I warned you that there could be some undesirable side effects from the medication."

Slowly the mist filtered out of Peacock. The show was over and in a couple of minutes the place would be crawling with cops. Kathy came in and dabbed at my eye brow with a vodka soaked hanky. I fraternally cursed the stinging, and the backup team that was taking its own sweet time arriving.

Kathy was always making apologies for the force. "It's Saturday night. You know how traffic is."

I mumbled something about what they could do with Saturday night. Kathy said she'd rather do it with me.

I looked at my watch. It was almost 12:30 A.M. I'd been officially off duty—and off the vice squad—for nearly a half hour. I snatched the vodka bottle out of her hand, raised it to the ceiling, toasted: "Here's to the Pimp Patrol. There'll never be another one like it." I tilted the bottle to my lips and drank a quarter of its contents.

Kathy laughed, kissed my cheek and whispered, "Thanks, Ed. It's been three years I'll never forget." There were tears in her eyes. There were tears in mine also. Those bastards at City Hall were breaking up a partnership that from the moment it was born was inevitably destined to be called Pimp Patrol. It was a title Kathy and I wore with pride.

* * * * *

If ever a partnership had a crazy reason for being formed, it was the Pimp Patrol.

Its date of birth was February 1971. I had been working Narcotics and had just passed my Sergeant's exam. When the Captain called me into his office I was expecting congratulations. Instead he ordered me to appear at the Deputy Mayor's office in an hour. "Don't ask questions. You'll find out why when you get there." His parting goodbye didn't exactly put me at ease. He sounded like he was bidding farewell to a lamb being led to the slaughter.

The patrol car that deposited me at City Hall dropped me right in the middle of a picket line. Neither the driver nor I moved from our seats. We sat in our places stunned beyond believability. More than 100 prostitutes bearing signs reading "Save Us From The Pimps," "Hooker Power," and the one that really got me: "An Honest Minute's Pay For An Honest Minute's Lay," were pacing the front of the building. The cops on picket line duty looked dumbfounded.

The Deputy Mayor was standing with his back to me, staring out the window and down at the marching whores when I entered. He motioned me to a chair and collapsed into his own behind a desk. Deep worry lines creased his young features. I felt that the demonstration outside had something to do with his harassed condition. I also felt that it had something to do with me being there.

"Miss McDowell's here." An intercom broke the silence that hung heavy in the air.

"Send her in," the Deputy Mayor muttered.

And I got my first glimpse at my future partner, although I didn't know just then. She was tall and even the severe policewoman's uniform she was wearing couldn't hide a truly dynamite body. She brushed away a strand of black hair which fell across her eyes, and inspected me. I was hoping I'd

(Continued on page 66)

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RING SIZE

(Continued from page 64)

pass her examination.

The Deputy Mayor cleared his throat. "Ed Cooke... Sergeant Cooke... I'd like to introduce policewoman Kathy McDowell. From now on, you're going to be partners in a rather unprecedented experiment."

I found my voice. "If it's got anything to do with those stupid whores outside, I'm resigning from the department."

Kathy bolted out of her chair. "They're not stupid! And they don't deserve being spoken about like animals. They're human beings. They're asking the police department for help, and they are going to get it. Listen to what I have to say. Afterwards, if you want to leave, you can. But at least give me a chance to explain."

In spite of the March of the Hookers downstairs, their story was not a funny one. Although most of the prostitutes who feed their pimps do so willingly—out of some deep-seated masochism or love—many are forced to shell over all of their earnings out of naked fear. The girls have threats of beatings, mutilation or exposure to their parents back home hanging over their heads. If only someone from the police department could reach them, talk to them, assure them of protection, we could get them to testify against these pimps in court."

I was beginning to get the gist of Kathy's brainchild. "Only a john or another prostitute can do that."

Kathy waved me off. "You don't understand. Up till now, the girls wouldn't cooperate because all the undercover work has been directed at the prostitutes themselves—not the pimps. We've got to convince the girls that we're out to put not them but the pimps out of business. Only then can we get the evidence we need to get rid of the really bad ones."

I looked at the man who called the meeting. "Is that what the Mayor really wants—to get rid of the pimps?"

He assured me it was. But there was an added reason for the Mayor's concern. Many officials high up in his administration, and "respectable" community and business leaders who, at one time or another had visited certain prostitutes, were being blackmailed by these pimps.

"And of course you'll want us to destroy any evidence about their... uh... little indiscretions we might find."

The Deputy Mayor looked uncomfortable. Something told me there was a good chance we'd find his picture among the evidence.

What could I say? My city beckoned to me. My sense of chivalry demanded it of me. Sir Ed Cooke was going to mount his gallant steed and sally forth to do battle with the pimps of the street.

Only one question remained to be answered. "Why me?"

The Deputy Mayor pulled a file from his desk. "Your record. You graduated in the top five percent of the Academy. You've got brains and you can talk. Add to that your undercover experience in Narcotics, posing as a junkie and I'd say you were tailor-made. Also because of your undercover work, you've never appeared in court, so nobody will recognize you as a cop."

We went through a one-week crash course about the pimp racket at the vice squad and were sent out on our own. Our method of operation was simple. Kathy would dress up like a prostitute and hang out where they hung out—usually in uptown bars. She'd keep her ears open and listen to the girls' conversation. It was only a matter of time before one of them started talking about her pimp, and the others would pick up on the subject.

Most of the girls were genuinely in love with their guys, and would do anything for them. But once in a while she'd hear that So-And-So was keeping So-And-So in line with muscle. "God, you should have seen her last night. If my man ever did that to my face, I'd kill him."

Kathy would relay the information to me: where I'd find the prostitute, and who her pimp was. Then I'd go into my john act. Like the first time.

I was told that Blowtorch's pimp was really roughing her up. A week before he'd sent her to the hospital and the day she got out he pushed her onto the street.

I put on my stockbroker suit and wandered into the Party Time Lounge where she worked. Kathy had supplied me with her description, but even so, I'd have recognized her the minute I came in. Flowing red hair flowing over her shoulders, she was sitting on a bar stool, and she was in the one next to mine as soon as I ordered a drink. She smiled and got down to business right away.

"You've never been here before, have you?" she asked.

I shook my head and sipped my martini. "Usually I'm on the commuter train at this time. But the wife and kids are visiting her mother, so..."

"...so you're looking for a good time. You won't find it here."

"I bet I'll find it in your apartment."

She smiled.

Her apartment was in a luxury high rise in one of the better neighborhoods. Surprisingly, it was very expensively furnished. While I made myself comfortable on the sofa, she mixed me a drink.

While I was waiting for it, a couple came out of one of two bedrooms. He was middle-aged and was putting the finishing touches to his tie knot. She was petite, very cute, and was wearing a dress whose neck line plunged almost to her navel.

Still sticking to my first-time-on-a-john act, I shifted nervously in the cushions as Blowtorch introduced me. He must have been a regular, for he never showed a sign of being embarrassed. They left immediately, he probably for home and the wife, she for the nearest pickup bar. (This is how most pimps are able to afford such an apartment and furnishings. Blowtorch's had six girls working for him. The place was a 24-hour bordello with two girls working 8-hour shifts. He must have been taking in a fortune.)

Now that we were alone, Blowtorch slipped next to me. Her mouth found mine and as her tongue played with the inside of my mouth, her free hand found my zipper, undid it and slowly started to work on me.

This girl was really a pro. She knew all the tricks of making men come in a hurry. And the faster she did it, the quicker the turnover. The quicker the turnover, the more money she made.

I got up and led her to one of the bedrooms. Everything about it was built for sex. The ceiling and three walls surrounding the bed were mirrored. On the opposite wall was a huge oil painting depicting a Roman orgy for inspiration.

I sat on the edge of the mattress and peeled down her dress, kissing every inch of her. She moaned and flung herself on top of me, tearing at my clothes. I rolled over and covered her body with mine and she guided me into her. Her wetness told me she wasn't faking her passion.

Afterwards, we lay back on the limp sheets. I cuddled her tenderly, kissed the nape of her neck, then rolled her over to get at her back. That's when I saw them. She had tried to cover the black and blue marks with body makeup, but our lovemaking had rubbed most of it away. I touched one of the bruises gingerly. She winced.

"Who the hell did that?"

"Some john who got a little rough," she lied.

I didn't want to force the issue. I let it slide and promised her I'd see her the next night. I left $25 on her dresser.

I saw Blowtorch every night for a week as a paying customer. She began trusting me, confiding in me. Her story was a typical one. Her real name was Joan and she had come to the city from a small town in Ohio, hoping to make it as a model. She'd landed a few jobs, but not enough to make ends meet. Out of desperation, she answered an ad in an underground paper for a part in a porno movie. The money was more than she'd seen in over a year.

The "producer" told her how she could make more turning tricks. Not that he put it that way at first. Then it was the old line about "... I have some friends..."

The first week, everything went fine. After that, it was all downhill with the pimp taking a bigger and bigger cut of her earnings. When Joan threatened to quit, he produced a batch of photographs which he promised to send to her folks if she left him. Her father, who had a heart condition, would certainly die if he saw them. Joan was hooked.

A month before I met her, Joan's parents were killed in an auto crash. The pimp's hold over her was broken. Her parents, however, died penniless. She had no place to go. She had no money to get out on her own. When she tried hoarding her tips so she could save enough to get out of town, the pimp discovered it and beat her. It was that beating which sent her to the hospital. He promised her there was more to come if she tried to run away. He'd find her and mark her face for life so no man would ever look at her again. The poor girl was frightened out of her wits.

It was after I had gotten all the facts, that I revealed myself to her as a cop. "Press charges, give testimony," I urged her. "I swear he'll never touch you again."

I called Kathy for added persuasion. That did the trick. My partner was able to convince Joan that it was the pimp, not her, we were after. The D.A. promised Joan immunity from prosecution. The pimp got five years for violating Joan's civil rights, procuring and assault.

* * * * *

The stiffest sentence ever meted out to a pimp we collared was life, with no hope for parole. For added to the procuring conviction, was dope peddling, embezzlement, impairing the morals of minors, attempted murder and assaulting a police officer with

(Continued on page 68)

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WHAT SATISFIED CUSTOMERS SAY

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Results vary depending on how much overweight you are and how much time you give to the Plan. These people have given from 5 to 15 minutes twice daily to one one simple exercise lying on their backs in comfort, some while watching TV—so their impressive results naturally vary. The above sampling of our hundreds of thousands of [illegible] proves that you too can make sense [illegible] frustrated!

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(Continued from page 66)

a deadly weapon. The recipient of the sentence was Ken Driscoll, and a meaner, more vicious pimp never walked the street.

As usual, Kathy first got word of Driscoll's racket in a bar. Some prostitutes were complaining about some of their clients being drawn away to a house where only teen-agers were used. "Jesus, those kids will do *anything* a john asks for! Stuff even I wouldn't touch with a ten foot pole. There's only one way that bastard Driscoll can get those teeny boppers to do what they do. He's hooking 'em on dope."

It took almost a month before Kathy was able to reconstruct the way Driscoll operated.

He hung out at the out-of-town bus terminal all day, keeping an eye on the arrivals gate. Because of the relatively cheap fares that the lines charge, most runaway teenagers use them to flee to the city. When Driscoll spotted a good looking girl, he managed to meet her, bought her a welcome meal, and offered her the use of his pad until she found a place of her own. His manner was smooth, designed to win the complete trust of the girl. Nine out of ten times, she took up his offer of help.

Once in his place, Driscoll slipped sleeping pills into the girl's drink. While she was out, he administered doses of heroin in increasing amounts. For more than a week the girl was kept under sedation until she was addicted. Afterwards there was only one way to feed her habit. By hooking for Driscoll.

When the Captain heard the story, he almost hit the roof. "Nail the son of a bitch!" he growled. "Nail him hard." Since all of the girls depended on Driscoll for their daily fixes, we knew there was no chance of any of them testifying against him. To get him we had to catch him in the act of administering a shot.

"How do you think you'd look as a pimp?" the Captain asked me.

The next day, Bea Ann Cooke showed up at the bus terminal dressed to kill. A beautiful, sweet, young runaway got off a bus. Driscoll and I made straight for her. I got to her first.

The pimp shot a menacing look at me and walked away. I took the girl to a coffee shop, bought her a Coke, thanked her and put her into a cab. She was a very young looking policewoman.

The day after that, the same scene was repeated with a different policewoman. And the day after that—and the day after that. Driscoll was getting competition and he didn't like it.

At the end of the week, he approached me at the waiting gate. "Hey, man. No use the two of us cutting each other's throat."

I gave him a look that told him I wasn't interested in what he had to say. But Driscoll was a persistent bastard. And he was a fast-talking salesman. No wonder so many girls had fallen for his spiel. In an hour I had him convinced that I was ready to throw in with him. "But I gotta see your set-up, man."

He took me to a three-story house in a working class section of town. We entered a sitting room off the front entrance. A half dozen kids, none of them over 17, were lounging around in bras and panties. Each had the far off look of a person high on drugs. I'd seen the look before when I worked narcotics.

Driscoll explained his operation. It was just as Kathy had told me.

The following day, I delivered my contribution to the partnership to the house. Driscoll was pleased. Her name was Irene and she was a fantastic looking girl who had "just stepped off" the bus from out of town. Driscoll made her a drink. I mixed my own, then sat next to Irene. I told her about all the exciting things she'd find in the city. Then got up, put my arm around Driscoll's shoulders and drew him aside.

"When are you going to shoot her up?"

"As soon as she nods. I put enough drops in her drink to send her to sleep in . . ." He glanced at his watch. ". . . about 10 minutes."

She'd drop off, alright, but not to dreamland. She was another undercover policewoman, and we'd planned beforehand that she'd switch her drink with mine when I diverted Driscoll's attention.

We turned back to Irene. She was a great actress. Her head nodded as she started to drift off. Her eyelids drooped, then opened, then drooped again. Finally, the glass slipped from her hand and she plopped her head on my shoulder.

Driscoll smiled. He picked her up and carried her to a bedroom. I followed. With his back to me, he laid her on the bed and prepared to inject Irene's arm. I photographed the whole procedure with a miniature camera which I had kept in my pocket. When the syringe was only inches from Irene's skin, I knocked it from his hand and announced that he was under arrest. Irene sat up. Driscoll swung around to face me. I showed him the camera.

"You got everything?" he asked.

I nodded.

Driscoll rammed his elbow into my gut. I fell against the door post and banged the back of my head. Then he ran for the staircase, bounded up the steps. I raced after him and gained the second landing just as the door at the far end of the hallway slammed. I tried the knob. It was locked.

Shots rang out. The wood in front of my face splintered as bullets passed through, each one missing me by inches. I threw myself against the near wall.

From inside the room I heard the sound of a window being opened, then more shots. Irene was covering the back. We had Driscoll trapped.

I kicked at the lock. It gave way and the door swung open. Two more shots passed from the room, the bullets imbedding in the opposite wall of the hallway. I dove into the room, landed on the floor and rolled to the side. There I froze. Driscoll hadn't fired as I anticipated he would. He waited till I was inside and had me squarely in his sights. "Don't move, cop. I'd hate to kill you. You're my out." He turned to the window and shouted down to Irene. "I've got your friend here. Back off or I'll drop him!"

I got to my feet slowly, my arms stretched out to show him I wasn't armed. Now one of my hands was above a dresser. I moved it back, merely swiping a bottle of aftershave lotion off the top, and threw myself in the opposite direction. His instincts reacted automatically. He shot at the first sound—the bottle rolling to the floor. He corrected his mistake but he had spent his last bullet.

Then I went at him. The image of those doped up teenagers I had seen the day before fresh in my mind. I must have rained a dozen punches on his face before Irene yelled for me to lay off.

In a safe in the room we found more than 100 pictures of men caught in the act with the teenage hookers. And my hunch about the Deputy Mayor was right. His photograph was among them. Besides running a whorehouse, Driscoll was blackmailing half the leaders of the city. We turned the evidence over to the D.A. But by the time Driscoll's case went to court, the extortion charges had been dropped because the photographs were missing. It wasn't very hard to figure out what had happened to them.

If the Driscoll assignment was one most

(Continued on page 70)

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(Continued from page [illegible]8)

satisfying one, the "Great Pimp War" was our most dangerous. Kathy and I were caught in the middle, and it almost cost us our lives.

The first skirmishes of the "Great Pimp War" occurred in late 1973. The unconscious body of Lyle Garner, one of the pimps who treated his girls with some respect, was found in a dark alley. He had been beaten to within an inch of his life. He couldn't identify his assailants. All he knew was that he'd left one of his girl's apartment after picking up his "loot". Someone clobbered him from behind and the next thing he knew he was in a hospital bed. His wallet was gone. At first we put it down to a simple mugging.

The next night another pimp was found stomped. And the night after that, another. All used their powers of persuasion or their incredible sexual abilities to hold onto their girls. In each instance their girls began working for new pimps while the old ones were laid up.

As I explained before, we never entered a case unless it was the girls who were in danger. And sure enough, one of the prostitutes showed up in a mess. She told us that while her man was recuperating, a guy tried to recruit her into his stable. She turned him down. That night a john suddenly turned vicious on her, took a strap to her back and beat her raw. The next morning the recruiter made an appearance. "See what happens to hookers who don't have a guy like me around for protection? A hooker needs protection. Now at my place you'll find all the protection you want."

It was easy to see what was happening. What we didn't know was who was doing it.

Kathy found out. One evening she entered a well-known prostitute lounge. She must have spent extra time fixing herself up that night, because she looked absolutely stunning. Naturally she was approached by several men—none of them the ones we were looking for—because she turned each down. At last she was approached by our fish. He gave her the same spiel he'd given the others—about joining his stable, about giving her all the protection she needed.

"But I've got all the protection I need," she said and pointed to where I was sitting at the bar. I smiled and lifted my glass to him. He got up and left.

The next few nights Kathy looked like the busiest hooker in town. She'd frequent the same bar, meet a man, leave with him and return 15 minutes later, only to be picked up by another john before she had a chance to finish her drink. Fifteen minutes later she showed up again and the whole act was repeated. (The customers, of course, were members of the vice squad.) In all, it seemed that she was turning at least a dozen tricks every six hours.

To make it even more convincing, she'd hand me $100 each time she reappeared. The recruiter took all of this in and I knew his mouth was watering. He'd do anything to land her. The bait was set.

It didn't take them long to contact me. A voice over the phone in the hotel room where I had stashed a word that someone wanted to meet me. I told him to go to hell.

"Check at the front desk. There's an envelope waiting for you."

I followed instructions. In the envelope was one half of a $1,000 bill. I returned to my room. The phone rang, and the same voice said, "Well, are you prepared to meet us now?"

I assured him I was. He told me where to meet him and I relayed the information to the captain.

It was such an obvious set-up it was an insult to my intelligence that they thought I'd fallen for it. A man was standing in front of a bar. Next to the bar was an alleyway. I walked up to him. "You want to see me?"

"Yeah. We've got business to talk over."

"C'mon then." I made a move toward the open door of the lounge.

"Not here. My place. It's just up the block." He took my elbow and guided me away.

His grip tightened as we approached the alleyway. At its mouth, I grabbed him, yanked him around in front of me and shoved him into the dark passage. A pipe appeared out of the shadows and smashed his scalp and brow with a sickening crunch.

I pulled my gun and shouted, "Police! Come out with your hands up."

Seconds passed. A revolver levitated out of the blackness. Then "Okay, okay. Don't shoot!"

I edged away, stepped off the curb, keeping the gun trained on the alleyway. The dim outline of a man began to emerge slowly.

To my right I heard the squeal of tires turning the corner and a car bore straight for me. A shot rang out. Gravel from the pavement spewed up at my feet. I pulled the trigger once, saw the windshield of the car splatter, then the car was upon me. The fender took me on the hip and hurtled me to the sidewalk. I got up dazed.

The car screeched to a stop, made a U-turn and came at me again. I dove behind a garbage can and a fusillade of bullets slammed into it. The car stopped again, four men jumped out and ran my way, guns drawn. They must have thought I was already hit, because none of them fired. It was a terrific opportunity.

I got off two clear shots, got someone in the belly and ducked around the corner and into "ambush alley."

I felt my way gingerly along the side wall of the building, retreating deeper into the gloom. My foot scraped a piece of metal on the floor. It made a clanging noise. I threw myself sidewards as a round of bullets searched for the sound.

I snapped off two shots, aiming just below the muzzle flashes.

Sirens wailed in the distance. A curse was blurted out, then footsteps pounded away. A car engine started up, then roared as the driver tried to escape.

I ran to the opening of the alley and peered down the street. A patrol car and a Chevvy met at the corner at the same time. The Chevvy smashed into the black and white, veered to the left, jumped the curb and slammed into a brick wall.

From the other end of the street, two more police cars barreled past me, pulled up beside the wreck, policemen pouring out. Then they were at every door of the Chevvy, trying to drag the guys inside out of each of those four doors. They also dragged off the recruiter, who was out with severe pipe damage. In court, he testified against Organization muscle which tried to take over the vice action in the city. I, too, was called to the stand, as was Kathy.

But our cover was blown; our usefulness as undercover police people was over.

We stayed on at the vice squad until March 23 of this year, mostly training other Pimp Patrol teams. By then we had proven the value of employing teams like us. As a result of our efforts, we had put more than 500 unsavory pimps out of business, broken up dozens of blackmail rings, returned hundreds of runaway girls to their parents before they could be snatched up by pimps who prey the bus and train terminals, and in general made the city safe for any prostitute who wanted "An Honest Minute's Pay For An Honest Minute's Lay," as well as for the johns who are willing to pay them for it.

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by Ed Almquist, Member, Society Automotive Engineers

If you've just about had it with the gasoline shortage. If you're sick and tired of outrageous gasoline prices then let me open your eyes to some vital facts discovered by automotive engineers about your car's engine. Little known secrets that can give you up to 60% MORE GAS MILEAGE THAN YOU ARE GETTING TODAY! Yes, anywhere from 6 to 12 MORE MILES PER GALLON ... just by making a few simple changes to the engine of your car. Changes so ridiculously easy you can often make them in just 5 minutes flat, even if you never looked under the hood of a car in your entire life.

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Yes, right now on the road, there are literally thousands and thousands of cars delivering the incredible mileage figures you see described on this page. These cars are not special models. They carry no special equipment. They are stock model cars, driven by everyday drivers like yourself. Drivers who never dreamed it was possible to squeeze so many extra miles out of each gallon of gas — until they were shown how by this man.

Mr. Ed Almquist, Member, Society of Automotive Engineers, [illegible] U.S. Gov't patent holder, author and consultant — who now takes the wraps off the little-known secrets of his trade that can easily boost gasoline mileage up to 12 MILES PER GALLON — save you hundreds of dollars a year on your car — all with just a few simple changes to your engine. Changes so easy to make even a child can do them. Best of all — you can prove these gas-saving secrets yourself ... on your own car just one week from today — without risking a penny! See no-risk trial offer below.

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These men also discovered that the kind of spark plugs you use and the way they're set [illegible] make an incredible difference [illegible] gasoline wasted. [illegible] another [illegible] to [illegible] miles per gallon.

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But that's only the beginning. What you see here is only 3 of 250 [illegible] discovered by these high-mileage experts ... by Indianapolis [illegible] ... by engineers in Detroit laboratories.

Now suppose you could have these same men who developed these secrets at your elbow 24 hours a day. Suppose that these experts showed you a simple 2-minute adjustment on your spark plugs that added as much as 2 to 3 miles per gallon ... plus an [illegible] that [illegible] as much as [illegible] miles per gallon ... plus a way that you could make one single adjustment on your engine and get up to 40 FREE GALLONS OF DRIVING in just the next 90 days alone.

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"Saturday Night Specials"

Continued from page 35

MGB to you," he said, interrupting. "And get your Goddamned hands off my car before I break them for you."

Now I interrupted.

"Willis, the next time you sell even one bit of good old harmless grass here in River, I am going to roll your cute little car over with you underneath and set it on fire."

To his credit, he did not flinch. "You can suck my you know what," he said.

"Roll it over on him now," I said.

We came off our cycles like cavalrymen from their horses. Willis tried to crawl out. His own seat belts trapped him. We began rocking his car on its springs. On the fifth tilt it lifted on two wheels. Then turned over on him.

"Oh Christ, but his left leg's sticking out," Claw Claw said. Claw Claw's real name is Claude. Claude Joyner. He has stuttered fiercely since childhood. He pronounces his own name in a manner that reflects the impediment. Claw-Claw. The rest of us addressed him in that way. "It m-must be ... duh-damned ... near p-p-punched off, caught like th-that."

It must have been. Who cared? In fact his leg was broken under the weight of his car.

MGB was lucky at that.

When we left him there squirming for his hero-worshipping junkie kids to see, we did not burn him.

* * * * *

It would be admirable to be able to say that our MGB police action was rooted in altruism and good.

There was some of that behind it. I personally have no use for drugs, the people who use them or the people who sell them. That may sound nuts coming from someone who was running the Saturday Night Specials—one of the new street gangs enjoying a rebirth in the major cities today. But it's true. And anyone who hangs in with our bad better have no use. I ever hear about.

But the main reason for leaning on MGB was pure selfishness.

The drug thing and road pushers like MGB was beginning to bring city and state narcotics men (uniformed and undercover, both) into the River District. The Specials did not need police of any kind in River. Because one thing was obvious. When the police finished busting up MGB and the other heads in the drug trade, they would inevitably turn to the Saturday Night Specials as their next targets. When they did, goodbye burglary, numbers and the other profitable minor crime monopolies we were just beginning to enjoy.

So we decided the drug trade had to go from the River District.

Now, this was a big order. There were probably 300 or so known junkies there. They represented a lot of housebreaking.

But there were only six major suppliers, MGB being the main one.

The strategy then was get rid of the six and the 300 would then get rid of themselves. They would have to find their supplies somewhere else.

After we rolled his car onto his leg, MGB never sold an aspirin in Indianapolis.

Only one other lesson was necessary. We removed the heads of the two nasty Doberman attack dogs owned by the number two man and set them beside his head on his pillow while he slept one night. There was a joint in the mouth of each dog.

The remaining four got the message.

The police did not exactly mind our vigilante methods. We had done the job for them. They really did not care whether we and the junkies killed each other or not. The important thing was, we had performed an important service at an important time.

Namely:

The Memorial Day Indianapolis 500 auto race was coming up in a few weeks. What with the fuel shortages cropping up that spring and drivers and spectators getting killed everywhere and giving auto racing a bad name, Indianapolis and the Indy 500 image did not need the bad publicity a big drug problem would bring.

And in a sense the city did show its gratitude. For a while they quit papering us with traffic violations on our cars and motorcycles. The pressure on us as a gang was off ... so long as we did not leave our River District and dirty up the rest of town.

It was my own brother who undid all of this dubious good will and turned the city against us in one night. ... Talk about needless, callous foolishness.

* * * * *

That same May, 1973, my little brother Clyde Webber and a couple of other old boys from the Specials drank a lot of Glenk's State. New Stein is only supposed to be beer.

When he's drunk, Clyde's meaner than a stockyard cat. On this night Clyde and Mott and Vinyl hauled a man and his girl friend naked from their car in the woods where they were screwing up a storm.

At first Clyde only had notions of taking their clothes so they'd have to drive home naked and explain that to other people. But then little brother Clyde decided he wanted some of the woman himself. So while Vinyl and Mott sat on the man, Clyde dropped his pants and pushed the woman onto the hood of the boy friend's car with his elbow squashing her throat. Now this just about drove the man nuts. When you're nuts that way, you suddenly take on the strength of ten as the Bible says. (This is true. Once in Vietnam when my patrol was bushwhacked by Cong throwing grenades all over us, I picked up a 120-lb. Browning recoilless 50 from the ground as the weapons carrier and went into the woods after the bastards. I remember handling the thing as though it were a water pistol.)

This man kneed Mott in the crotch and punched Vinyl 20 feet into the lake. He landed on Clyde's back and carried Clyde, the woman and himself clear across the hood. It took the three of them (Clyde, Mott and Vinyl soaking wet) to secure him again.

In Clyde's warped view at that time:

"Where the hell did that naked son of a bitch get the balls to think he had the right to lift his hand against three men who were raping his girl?"

So Clyde pounded him with a rock, then lifted him like he was a log and ran him head first into a tree.

All the while the woman was making sounds like a factory whistle.

(Continued on page 74)

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(Continued from page 72)

So Clyde shot her twice in the belly with the .25 Beretta he carried in his boot top holster. Clyde never could stand screaming women. Mott knew things had gone too far. He stopped Clyde with a swift fist behind his right ear. Mott and Vinyl dragged Clyde by the ankles to their own car and got out of there.

The woman was Marujana Lampley. The man was Pete Jocks. Both lived. And both remembered enough to state that one of the attackers was called Clyde and that all three wore field jackets bearing the smoking revolver emblem of the Saturday Night Specials on their backs.

Clyde and Mott and Vinyl had their morning coffee in the Indianapolis jailhouse.

Up to this point we had not really made a difference as a gang in Indianapolis one way or another. Sure, the authorities knew we were organized and that most of us were high school dropout type veterans who were still angry about the futility of the whole Vietnam thing. Sure, the social services sent field workers among the Specials and other new gangs to keep their fingers on the pulse. Sure, the newspapers had noted editorially that street gangs were reappearing in major cities after a ten year layoff and had wondered what the resurgence was all about. And sure, the authorities knew we were into hijacking small loads and other crime. But so long as we weren't too rough, everyone was content to keep us under surveillance but leave us in peace.

But then mad little brother Clyde bashed the man's head and dulled forever a fine engineering mind and shot the woman so badly she will never have babies.

Tolerance? Forget it. We were no longer just a minor nuisance in large city life. We were Adolph Hitler and the bubonic plague come to destroy the town.

Newspapers and television called us animals and perverts. The rabbis and clergymen prayed for deliverance from Godless SNS bums. The American Legion, the Chamber of Commerce, other outfits with considerable civic clout, all cried out for our hides.

They wanted our blood.

The Treatment seemed the first and best immediate way to reverse all that. I telephoned Marujana Lampley's hospital room that afternoon. It did not seem likely that she herself would answer, a family member or a nurse, sure. But she did, in a weak voice.

"How would you like someone to stick that gun right into your crotch next time and pull the trigger?" I asked.

There was a long pause, then a whisper: "God, who is this?"

I didn't respond. I said only: "Tell them that on second thought you're not sure any more that those three did it."

Then I hung up.

Peter Jocks' mother got a similar telephone call from Maggie, one of our women known for her soft baby voice. She also responded nicely to The Treatment. She went into nervous collapse.

We kept up the treatment two more days, working in relay shifts. Lampley and Jocks (or their families) received a call every hour, 24 hours a day, citing bad things which would happen if they did not do the right thing and realize they had been mistaken in their identification of the Saturday Night Specials.

These unpleasantnesses might not happen right away. Perhaps not for a month, six months, a year. But they would happen. How would they like living with that threat over their heads?

The Treatment succeeded.

Our three were released on lack of evidence and positive identification.

There was only to celebrate the victory.

We rode out to Crescent Lake that night to honor the release of The River District Three, a convoy of men bearing about 40 of us and a pillar of six packs.

There was new meat with us that night, a pair of blonde twin sisters up from Springfield, Missouri, in their daddy's camper for the race. They had this thing about going down on men, both of them. Oh, they liked the old in-and-out all right, but for some reason they were just plain nuts about jacking men off, especially both together, so they could race and watch each other's expressions.

So, we had them going most of the night in their Winnebago camper truck. I held Lois' blonde head on my lap, impaling her. She was leaning away from me, embracing some guy about the thighs and looking like she was trying to swallow everything up to his belt buckle. Louise sat on the other bunk, making it the same way with Claw Claw in back and getting her teeth around some other old boy.

Only 17 years old and they knew so much.

The twins said they'd like to stay with us for a while after the race. They'd heard about us, Clyde in particular. And that was their fascination. They just loved to be around trouble.

Street gangs everywhere attract nuts like that.

* * * * *

Indianapolis was not going to let Clyde and Vinyl and Mott get away with that kind of outrage and near murder, of course.

The police started in on us the day after the victory celebration at the lake. There were police all over the district, not locking us up but harrassing us. They ticketed our cars and cycles if they were one inch inside the fire hydrant limit. They jailed us as public nuisances for having improper motorcycle mufflers. They closed down a storefront vegetable and grocery commerce we were trying to operate for blacks and migrant farm workers in one of the ghetto blocks. They stopped us on the street and shook us down for drugs they knew we did not hold.

Claw Claw had the misfortune to be truly the innocent party in a vehicle accident. The car driven by some 80 year old man rammed him broadside at an intersection. The old man admitted he did not see the red light. Claw Claw's Harley was badly bent. But Instead of arresting the old timer, they arrested Claw Claw. Claw Claw protested being shoved into the cage

(Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 74)

n the radio car. They broke out his front teeth using handcuffs as brass knuckles, then took him downtown and booked him for resisting arrest.

All of this police action overkill said something: the city was now afraid of us.

Now, as prime minister and one of the founders of the SNS, it was my job to watch over The Family, to guide it and protect it even from itself. And in my view, it was time to lower the profile and give the city a chance to cool off and forget us again.

The first matter of business was to get Clyde out of town and out of the focus of public attention.

I told little brother Clyde he was leaving [illegible] for a while.

He said the hell he was.

The hell he wasn't, I answered, and hit him so hard in the face that the jolt up my arm gave me a headache.

Surprise: Clyde never left.

The Specials held a war council. For the first time during my prime ministry they reversed one of my decisions. Clyde was to stay. We would not be a family any longer if we exiled brothers and sisters simply because they caused embarrassment.

That was not all.

They would not lower the profile as common sense dictated. No. Instead they would escalate the war and really give the city something to fear.

The [illegible] dumb reaction should have been no surprise to me. The Specials always did possess the kind of vagabond mentality that sent the Light Brigade charging up Balaclava Heights.

I had only two choices: Go along. Or step down.

I went along, even though I smelled disaster coming. I had founded the Specials in fall 1972 on return home from the army. They were my people. And now they needed me more than ever. Right or wrong, they were all I cared a flying damn about in this world. I wasn't going to let them go to hell without a fight.

* * * * *

Ironically, it was a cop who gave us our name, Saturday Night Specials, back in 1972. It happened this way.

When we were just forming up, some unwashed [illegible] toads were calling the River District their own. We were rival street gangs in the classic sense. We, the newcomers, could get out, the old timers said. Or we could fight and get out. Either way, we were going to get out.

About 20 of us met maybe 30 of them on a freight pier. The pre-battle understanding was, no weapons, only fists and feet. They cheated. The toads brought knives and razors.

They never did much with those blades.

We had brought lengths of chain.

We literally pitched about 20 of them into the river and sent them swimming away downstream. The district was ours.

This happened on a Saturday night. A police sergeant who got his own cantaloupe head opened trying to stop the rumble by himself later told the newspapers: "These guys just blew up in my face like one of those goddamned Saturday night special cheap pistols."

Saturday Night Specials. Hot as pistols. That was us.

And afterwards, we never called ourselves anything else.

Now, we were not a motorcycle gang like the Hell's Angels. Nor were we a conglomerate of teenagers constantly at war with each other as were the old street gangs of the 50s and 60s.

No. We were a classic segment of the street gang renaissance in the country today. This renaissance began in the South Bronx in New York City, from what I gather, and is spreading from there.

Most of the Specials were veterans. Most were in their early 20s. We came together because basically each of us was otherwise apart from the mainstream. We were all looking for a family. And we became fierce as dogs in our loyalty to each other because if we ever broke up for any reason, we would all have to go back to being losers again.

* * * * *

These were the ways in which we escalated our war.

On June 7, we put on war surplus flak vests and wrapped our legs in sheet metal and rode our cycles right through the plate glass doors of a supermarket near Fort Wayne. We skidded down the aisles on waxed floors, toppling pyramids of Wheaties boxes, dumping [illegible] on their fannies. The manager and his clerks counterattacked, grabbing first at one of us, then another, and catching only each other. A butcher mounted his block to whack us with his cleaver as we blitzed the meat department. Five minutes later we were gone. It was only then that the supermarket people realized that the attack was more than just a hooligan prank. We left with more than $3,500 of the day's gross.

On June 20, Pig and the black girl I live with, [illegible], returned from California with the following items in their van: (1) Three U.S. Army Colt M-16 .25 caliber rifles. (2) A Thompson submachine gun. (3) Approximately 5,000 rounds for the above. (4) A crate of fragmentation grenades, fresh and unopened. (5) Seventeen tear gas grenades.

I was pleased. And I was not.

A Colt can squirt out something like 700 rounds per minute. Just one of these weapons gave us more firepower than a riot truck full of police. I prayed we would not massacre someone.

On June 22, about ten miles north of the city, 20 of us, again on bikes and in cars, forced the Chicago Trailways Bus into a meadow of deep grass. With bandannas hiding our faces, we herded the 40-some odd passengers out. We told them to lean against the bus, palms up. We robbed everyone of money and jewelry.

The whole thing was more game than actual robbery. We were Jesse and Frank James, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. But in the gaming, Kellogg (who always tended to be a little unstable and goofy) was carried away. He let out a rebel yell of exultation. Then he loosed a full magazine of .25s into the side of the bus just above people's heads.

There was a moment when everyone was going to run all over everyone else in panic. It passed.

I told Kellogg quietly that that had been fine shooting, almost but not quite taking off everyone's heads that way. Kellogg smiled. Then I cracked and bloodied his nose with the butt of his weapon. I told him that if he ever so much as shot a pebble in a sling without me telling him to do so first, I was going to stick the Colt muzzle in his ear and pull the trigger.

People such as Kellogg were beginning to worry me. We had had everything our way for too long. It seemed as though everyone in the SNS was turning into a short fuse nut like my brother Clyde.

On July 4, to celebrate Independence Day, we did something pretty sick. We probably would not have done it at all but for the fact that the day began badly. We had all been stopped and ticketed on various flimsy moving violation charges and had been shaken down and searched for weapons and drugs. The Highway Patrol

(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 76)

hold us two hours sitting by the side of the road with our hands clamped on our heads. They let us go in the end only because the women began howling that they would wet their pants if the police did not let them go to the toilet somewhere.

After that we opened the wine. By nightfall we were a drunk, angry bunch screaming about the meadows and highways outside the city, a harsh looking for some place to go off.

We were passing a cemetery.

It does not matter who had the idea.

We all seemed to understand at the same time.

We wheeled in one mass flocking turn and rode like Cossacks among the tombstones.

We dug into a couple of the graves with shovels from a tool shed. We broke the doors off mausoleums. The skeletons and bodies inside were nothing new to the men among us; we had seen them before in The Nam.

We robbed them, grabbing rings and watches with one hand, clamping our noses shut with thumbs and forefingers of the other hand. The musty decay smell is always bad.

And those twins Lois and Louise would do anything you told them to do when they were drunk.

When the state police came and sent us flying, we had the twins sitting on a tombstone, their bellbottoms down around their ankles, getting themselves off for everyone to watch.

So it went through 1973 and into 1974.

But it could not go on forever.

* * * * *

If you must pick one date on which the Saturday Night Specials went out of business, pick April 1, 1974.

It happened so fast, while the editorial people of STAG were in Indianapolis gathering material about the re-emergence of street gangs such as ours.

It is fitting that the date is also April Fool's Day. For in our growing cockiness we forgot the one commandment all people outside the law should follow: Never kill a dog.

When you kill a dog, they beat you without mercy.

About a dozen Veterans of Foreign Wars bowling league types came to Juney's Bar on Water Street that night. There was no mistaking what they wanted when they came in and began spreading themselves out on both sides. It was a commando raid by aroused local citizenry. The objective: Bash some Saturday Night Special heads. Juney's was the right place to find us; it was one of our hangouts.

The VFW types were rough boys. They did not talk. They just began. They broke one of our people's shoulders with a pool cue. Things grew only worse from there.

But even though we were only seven SNS to their 12, we were meaner by nature. That made up the difference in numbers. We carried the fight into the street, a mess of bodies, crashing through the curtains and glass of Juney's plate windows (the fourth time in a year).

We were hitting the remaining five still up when the police motorcycle cavalry appeared around the corner at each end of the block. They had us all, attackers and ourselves alike, boxed. The police infantry appeared coming over the back fences.

The attackers, I knew, would somehow be filtered through the police line and vanish. We, the victims, would get our heads mashed. We would be jailed.

I yelled to the others: Split. Make the best escape they could for themselves. For once there was no sense in hanging together. In doing so we would only hang together.

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I vaulted onto an awning shading a store front. From there up the fire escape to the roof. Down the drain pipe in the rear, dropping like a stone into the yard. Over a fence. Under and around cars in a lot. Out onto a brightly lit street, brushing myself off and picking cinders and splinters from beneath my skin.

I was scared. But safe. I had made it.

Like hell.

The two officers had evidently seen me go up and over.

They came skidding around the corner on their big blue Electra Glide Harleys, one whipping up to intercept me.

The lead man was a sergeant, helmeted and goggled. An enormous man. Only a Harley was big enough.

He knew his business too. He came leaning from his saddle, swinging his club low like a cavalryman attacking with a saber. He missed only because I dropped to the pavement beneath his swing, losing some more skin as I rolled away.

By the time I was up and running there was no place to run.

The sergeant was coming again on my right. His backup man was just sitting there, engine idling now, squeezing me on the left.

There seemed no way out of this but one. Unorthodox. And, by them, unexpected.

I had seen South Vietnamese students do it in Saigon demonstrating against police there in street riots.

Instead of fleeing, I charged the sergeant on his bike instead. Head on. A man is not supposed to charge attacking motorcycles. He is supposed to run from them and in turn be run down.

The sergeant wavered. He tried to swerve and avoid the collision.

Our combined approach speeds were about 30-35 mph when I leaped, sailed across his handlebars into his chest and carried us both off the back of his cycle.

For the Vietnamese kids that worked as a getaway two times in three.

It didn't work for me.

I broke my leg in the crashdown. The jagged bone spike came out through the calf. There was a lot of arterial blood spurting from the exit wound.

It hurt only for a second. The shock of a wound like that can bring on almost instant unconsciousness. As things quieted, as people ringed us, I heard the other policeman saying that the hippie son of a bitch was dead.

Just as well he believed that.

Had he thought I was still alive, he probably would have emptied his .38 into my head.

I had hit the sergeant too hard going over the handlebars.

I had broken his neck.

The sergeant was *really* dead.

* * * * *

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Gene Webber is currently jailed on various felony charges including homicide. With Webber lost to them, the Saturday Night Specials are without central leadership. The organization is fragmenting and will probably disband. Webber will serve 10 to 15 years for involuntary manslaughter of a police officer when the trial is done. This is the best he can expect. Webber is not surprised at this. He himself said it earlier: when you kill a cop they never let you go.

Ten to 15 years. Whether you judge Gene Webber as good or bad, the irony of this sentence is nonetheless enormous, bitter and inescapable. Webber stayed with his gang — his people — only to serve as their peacemaker. Yet Gene Webber is now the only SNS serving any time in any jail anywhere.) ◆◆◆

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The Great A-Bomb Scare

Continued from page 30

he had sketched it might work.

Fortunately, the scheme was a hoax, because the Orlando Police decided to call the blackmailer's bluff. Later that week they arrested a 14 year old boy who had gathered all his information about H-bombs from a popular encyclopedia.

Even then, however, no one laughed, least of all the judge who had to sentence the boy. Realizing the danger of worsening the youth's anti-social tendencies, he paroled him into the care of local scientists instead of sending him to jail.

Get the message? When a 14-year-old kid can make a police chief, a judge and the U.S. Air Force quake in their collective boots, something serious is going on.

What's happened while no one was paying any attention is fairly straightforward. *The government has let the atomic cat out of the bag.*

That's right. The underworld (and that includes terrorists and psychopaths as well as blackmailers) can now go nuclear to achieve its goals. Right now the information and materials are available so these people can begin packing A-bombs instead of rifles, sawed-off shotguns and molotov cocktails.

The problem is so serious a forthcoming Ford Foundation report refers to a possible parade of horribles involving Mafia chieftains who get themselves beyond the law, mad bombers with a urge to destroy and international desperadoes who bring down tens of thousands in an effort to gain political leverage.

To get a true picture of the danger, imagine for a moment the Black September Organization—that band of Arab terrorists that shot up the Summer Olympics in Munich. Now put an A-Bomb in their arsenal and a chip on their shoulder about U.S. policies in the Mideast.

I hope you remembered to pick up an instruction book

Would they blow up a city? Your city? You'd better believe it. Men like those pose one of the gravest nuclear threats since the A-Bomb was first developed in the 1940's.

But how did this come about? Isn't the government guarding nuclear weapons so closely no outlaw or mobster can get at them? And isn't it impossible for anyone but a government scientist to make an A-Bomb?

The answer to these questions is "Maybe" and "NO."

The notion that atomic secrets are still buried deep in the Pentagon somewhere is a dangerous myth that may someday cost you your life. Every year it's getting easier for almost anyone to make a bomb, and the government is helping this trend along by failing to safeguard the raw materials for such an undertaking. In fact, the next nuclear explosion could be a homemade job cooked up by a psychopath in his basement.

More of that later. For the moment, though, look at the dangerous possibility of a ready-made nuclear weapon simply being stolen. Sure, this is the stuff writers spin imaginary yarns about all the time. But don't kid yourself—the Pentagon is playing war games and mapping out contingency plans just in case it actually does happen.

And there are two reasons that it very well might. First, terrorists and other fringe groups are becoming better organized and equipped all the time. And, second, the number of nuclear weapons stockpiled around the world is increasing at a staggering rate.

In NATO alone, for example, there are over 7,000 strategic nuclear weapons and tens of thousands of smaller tactical nuclear weapons. Each one of these devices is a possible grab-off target for groups like the Black September Organization, which has automatic weapons and helicopters at its disposal to help with the holdup. If this group can stage an invasion like the one in Munich last summer, what's to prevent it from holding up a lonely nuclear depot and flying away with enough bombs to level New York or Chicago?

This thought so upset the Defense Department last August that it passed down unprecedented "shoot to kill" orders for all guards at nuclear installations. Three months later the Atomic Energy Commission followed suit. Obviously, no one completely dismisses the idea that a bomb will someday be stolen.

With the number of nuclear weapons increasing so fast, there's the possibility, too, that a bomb will be lost. That's precisely what happened in 1966 when an American B-52 collided with a KC-135 Jet Tanker over southern Spain.

Among the debris that rained from the sky that day were four Hydrogen Bombs packing the combined wallop of 100 million tons of TNT. Two of the bombs cracked open on impact, spewing radioactivity over a quarter mile area. A third was found still intact.

And the fourth? It was gone. Vanished without a trace!

For eighty days, the world held its breath. Had the 20 megaton bomb fallen into the hands of terrorists? Was the government going to be ransomed for its return?

Nearly three months after the crash, the bomb was finally located nearly five miles out in the Mediterranean. This story had a happy ending. But what about next time? Will the lost weapon mushroom into the world's consciousness from an alley in Washington, D.C.?

These kinds of goings-on are scary enough, but they pale in comparison to the kind of scenarios made possible by the private nuclear industry in the U.S. Reasonable efforts (but are reasonable precautions really enough?) are being made to guard nuclear weapons in the field, but the same is not true of dangerous nuclear materials that form part of the fuel cycle of atomic power plants all over the country. While debate has raged about the safety of these plants and the danger they may pose to the environment, almost no one has pointed out that some of the stuff these plants burn and produce—like Plutonium 239 and Uranium 235—is nuclear gunpowder waiting for the torch.

Dangerous? Only 132 pounds of U235 destroyed Hiroshima, and a wad of P239 the size of a baseball leveled Nagasaki.

"Mankind has never handled as dangerous a commodity as Plutonium," a former Atomic Energy Commission official said recently. "If the Black September Organization had 100 grams of this stuff they could wreak havoc."

You mean they could make a bomb out of it themselves?

Exactly!

The outlaw who gets his hands on weapons grade material like P239 or U235 is three fourths of the way to making a bomb already. For years the difficulty in obtaining this kind of material has been about the only thing keeping the bomb from spreading all over the world—and into the underworld.

Look at it this way: An Atomic bomb is nothing more than a chain reaction, which occurs by itself when enough high grade (that's the crucial thing) nuclear material is slammed together.

The bomb that destroyed Hiroshima, for instance, was just a huge gun barrel, closed at both ends. On one end was a mass of bomb stuff. On the other end was a bullet of sorts, which was also composed of bomb stuff. To set off this shot heard 'round the world, the scientists had only to fire that bullet down the barrel into the mass of bomb stuff at the other end. The result: An explosion equivalent to 11,000 tons of TNT.

Much of the secrecy that once surrounded the manufacture of atomic bombs had to do with the amount of material (called "critical mass") needed to start a chain reaction. This bit of information is absolutely necessary if an A-Bomb builder is going to be certain not to blow himself up, or produce a bomb that won't go off.

All of this information is readily available now in a booklet entitled "The Los Alamos Primer." The government will sell it to anyone—no questions asked—for only $2.00.

If the would-be atomic terrorist has any trouble, he can also buy the "Manhattan District History, Project Y: The Los Alamos Project." The document, costing a mere $4.00, contains a technical description of all the problems that came up during the construction of the world's first atomic bomb. Once classified super secret, it's a kind of recipe book for anyone with the right material to cook up nuclear trouble.

The information in it—even now—is so explosive that a disclaimer inside the front cover absolves the U.S. Government and the

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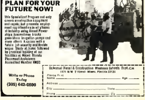

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Atomic Energy Commission from any liabilities for damages resulting from the use of information in the report. Why it was declassified at all is anyone's guess.

At any rate, the technical data needed to make a bomb is readily available. What about the product then?

According to Dr. Taylor, who helped build almost all of America's atomic bombs, the complexity of the entire bomb making operation (if the starting point were weapons grade material) would be no greater than that involved in converting the opium base to heroin. The underworld, of course, has been making heroin for years.

(Food for thought: A raid on one of these heroin factories a few years ago turned up some equipment that had been stolen from a nuclear fuel processing plant.)

Obviously then, the missing link that has kept the bomb from spreading all over the place is the unavailability of weapons grade nuclear materials. In that sense, they are the most crucial substances in recent history. Guarding them is—literally—a matter of life and death.

And yet it's these materials that the private nuclear industry and the Atomic Energy Commission are playing footsy with all over the country.

Here is the idea of the incredible sloppiness involved in the handling of this material: The Atomic Energy Commission *misplaced* over 200 pounds of high grade Uranium in the mid 60's. It simply disappeared from a nuclear fuel processing plant in Pennsylvania and never turned up again. That's 10 million bucks worth of potent Uranium—enough to make a bomb twice the size of the one that destroyed Hiroshima!

And the private nuclear industry is no better. Every step of the nuclear fuel processing cycle is shot through the loopholes and gaps which dangerous quantities of weapons grade material can trickle through into the wrong hands. The fuel plants themselves operate on the principal that a certain amount of MUF (Material Unaccounted For) is inevitable. In other words, the plants are operated like a cement factory, say, where the management expects a certain amount to fly out the window in the form of dust.

The Atomic Energy Commission (which is supposed to be looking after your safety in nuclear matters) argues vehemently that the present MUF standards pose no threat. But listen to this from a man who says he was fired for speaking his mind as director of Nuclear Materials Safeguards at the AEC:

"The aggregate MUF from fuel plants is expressible in tons," Charles Thornton told New Yorker Magazine recently. "You could divert nuclear materials from any plant in substantial quantities and never be detected."

Russell Wischow, president of Nuclear Auditing and Testing Company, had this to say about the industry's ability to keep up with these materials:

"If any segment of the industry wanted to divert it, it could gram quantities kilogram quantities. When you found out, it would be too late."

It would be too late because the MUF safeguard system at these plants is directed toward detecting loss that has already occurred rather than *preventing* it in the first place. With this in mind, imagine an ordinary looking technician at one of these installations where P-239 is being salvaged from spent reactor fuel.

Since private nuclear industry requires virtually no security clearances, our imaginary technician could be almost anyone, even a member of the ruthless Symbionese Army that has reportedly been assassinating people on the street in California. By manipulating a few pipes, let's say, he manages a way to divert Plutonium. If he wanted to keep his cover for a while, he'd divert only small quantities at a given time so the plant wouldn't exceed its MUF allotment. If he were in a hurry, he'd simply disappear with an enormous quantity. Either way, by the time a red light finally flashed on a computer, our technician could be in a house most somewhere cooking up a nuclear surprise for San Francisco or New Orleans.

As serious as the MUF loopholes are, even more serious gaps in security open once private nuclear industry begins shipping things around. Experts agree, for example, that the legal [illegible] with opium shipments than the nuclear industry is with Plutonium shipments.

Sure, opium is dangerous stuff. It's the raw material for heroin, which creates addicts who terrorize city people. But Plutonium, my friend, is the raw material for bombs . . . Atomic Bombs!

Think for a minute how easy it would have been to hijack an unguarded truck that lugged over 2 Kilograms of P-239 last year all the way from Washington State to Oklahoma. Ask any crosscountry trucker, he'll tell you there's a lot of lonely road in that part of the U.S. One punk with a shotgun and a boulder could have pulled a heist the whole world worried about.

In a recent study of the trucking industry, a panel of experts in Michigan determined that nearly $1 billion worth of goods are lost or stolen every year from trucks. Unquestionably some of those goods go to racketeers heavily involved in trucking all over the country. Most, though, were simply pilfered from the back of open flat bed trucks. Obviously, that Washington-Oklahoma Plutonium shipment was an invitation to disaster. Tied as it was to the back of a flat bed truck with a calling card on the back reading, DANGER PLUTONIUM.

Commercial airline shipments are just as bad. In 1973, according to a prestigious Washington, D.C. publication, a shipment of nuclear material sufficient to make a bomb was aboard an airliner hijacked to Cuba. Fortunately, neither Cuban officials nor the hijacker knew what kind of cargo was aboard. And that's just one example among many.

The scary thing about this kind of carelessness is how little weapons grade material is needed to make a bomb. The trigger quantity for Plutonium is a mere 2 Kilograms. For Uranium it's only 5 Kilograms.

No one knows precisely how much of this material is floating carelessly around the country, but it has been estimated that private American companies will soon own *more Plutonium 239 than exists in all the NATO bombs.* One poorly guarded storage facility alone, in West Valley, New York, has a capacity of 2,000 Kilograms of Plutonium . . . enough to make a thousand bombs.

These numbers are growing, too, by leaps and bounds. At the end of 1973, there were 42 nuclear power plants churning out Plutonium as a by-product. Fifty six more plants are being built, and 14 additional ones are on the drawing board.

It is estimated that these new plants and others yet to be built will almost triple by 1976 the amount of Plutonium produced in 1974. By the year 2,000, according to AEC forecasts, the 1974 amount will have sextupled.

"The whole situation is frightening," according to W. A. Higginbotham of Brookhaven Laboratory. "Time is running out."

Actually, it's been running out since 1954, when the government ushered in its celebrated "Atoms For Peace Program." At that time, many of the restrictions on nuclear materials were lifted [illegible] private industry could begin harnessing the atom for peaceful purposes like the generation of electric power.

And for a while at least, the AEC did keep its grip on potentially dangerous nuclear materials. As recently as 1970, in fact, the AEC was still buying and storing all the Plutonium produced by private industry.

Theoretically, the commission still controls these materials by acting as the industry's watchdog. How well the set up has worked should be obvious by the number of holes that have opened up in the safeguard system.

The chances of these holes being plugged in the immediate future are not very good.

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either For one thing private industry isn't anxious to do any more than it has to because of the expense involved Unlike the government whose prime concern in the handling of nuclear materials was maintaining national security private industry wants to make a buck on its investment

Just how much this make-a-buck attitude has blinded industry to the dangers is revealed in a recent survey of industry leaders Almost unanimously they reported that their prime concern with safeguards was that they "interfered with their right to run a business

Dr David Brady who reported the survey results at a recent Kansas State University symposium on nuclear safeguards noted somewhat wryly that the public would be better served if industry could focus more on the gravity of the problems than on running a business.

It won't though unless the Atomic Energy Commission makes it And unfortunately the AEC by popular reputation is not one of the government's more aggressive watchdogs

As one official put it, The AEC is a public relations firm It's more concerned with promoting atomic energy than anything else

There are indications, however that pressure is building in other quarters for corrective action. Whether it turns out to be too little too late remains to be seen.

Under fire from congressional committees and outspoken critics like Dr Taylor the AEC is beefing up its materials safeguards section The budget for safeguards this year is a hefty $4 3 million, which includes funds for a special laboratory to analyze materials and plug loopholes

Long range plans are at least being talked about now especially in the wake of a highly critical General Accounting Office report in December 1973 One of the suggestions being bandied around is closing up the nuclear fuel cycle by consolidating all the facilities needed to produce new fuel and reprocess old fuel Such a move would effectively eliminate the security weaknesses which appear once these materials are put on the road

Other suggestions include hiring more security guards, training truck drivers and installing constant monitoring devices on all shipments and stocks of weapons grade material One of the major plans is to revamp the safeguard system and will stress prevention rather than detection As more than one critic has pointed out knowing that a material like Plutonium has been stolen is useless information, because by then it is probably too late to stop someone from making a bomb

The debate on these and other issues is likely to continue for years In the meantime, though a lot of nuclear gunpowder is out there on the road and lying in poorly guarded warehouses

If developments unfold as expected in the mid 1980's a new generation of atomic power plants will be fired up Called "breeder reactors, they will actually produce more Plutonium than they consume adding significantly to the already frightening stockpile of bomb stuff in the world

In February 1974 Energy Chief William Simon outlined plans for a mass produced floating atomic power station that could be towed like a barge and sold anywhere in the world

What next?

A nuclear explosion that kills a lot of people" according to Dr Taylor

It's going to happen, is the way one official put it Somebody's going to make a bomb And just talking about the dangers instead of doing something is like fiddling while Rome burns

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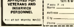
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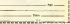
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Academy Of Sex

Continued from page 28

to their wives and girl friends. After all good sex involves skill as well as passion. The more a man or woman knows about sex the more they'll get out of it.

"Then I get other guys who want me and another girl to demonstrate the fine points of cunnilingus. Frankly, I get a kick out of playing professor. Like when I'll pause in the middle of it and point out exactly where my partner's clitoris is and how it can be manipulated both manually and orally and I demonstrate both methods. Of course if he wants to join us, he's welcome. Some guys do and others come only to watch."

The tuition fees are generally $30 for a half hour, $50 for the full sixty minute courses. Per girl. Fees are split down the middle with whoever is running the place.

In this case, whoever runs the place is a 34 year old veteran of many changes in the sex business. Still an attractive and sensuous woman, Miss D., as she wished to be called, started out in the business in Chicago when she was seventeen.

"I've worked in classy establishments and in dumps," she told this reporter. "I've walked streets that were infested with vice squad guys and thumpers (i.e. a pimp who, once he gets a girl alone, will beat her up, often steal her money). I was even a high class girl in Washington, D.C. and honey, I can tell you more about some of our nation's leaders than any student of history will ever know. But this new scholastic bit tops them all—at least as far as I'm concerned."

"These sex academies are probably the most open approach to sex for sale since the good old days when red light districts were semi legal in many of the larger cities. At least two or three days a week—depending on how busy we are—I send a couple of the girls to pass out leaflets advertising our place. They hand them to likely men in the streets and drop them in cars stopped for a red light if there's a man driving. I get a lot of business through these leaflets and that doesn't even include our advertisements in swingers magazines and underground newspapers."

Did she herself teach any of the classes?

"Oh, I'll take on a student now and then," she replied. "When I'm in the mood. What I do take care of myself is our film course. Usually I'll give it for groups of six or more men. I have access to some of the best porn films around. Right now I'm running 'Deep Throat' which is a dynamite flick for instruction purposes." She laughed.

"To turn a film showing into a course, I stop the projector at a point that illustrates a particular sex technique or act and I'll say a few words to the class about other variations, and the advantages or any possible problems with performance.

"I get not only guys alone for this film course, but some men bring their wives or girlfriends. It's easier for a man to tell his wife he'll take her to a special showing of a porno film than to a whore house."

Do any of the wives or girlfriends get into the action?

"More than you'd think," she said. "With all this liberation stuff around these days, the women like to think they're as free sexually as men are and a lot of them will join a group scene after the film is over. Others will make only a threesome with one of my girls and their lover or husband. More and more straight women are discovering that once they build up the nerve to try it, they enjoy sex with another woman—not in the sense of replacing sex with a man, just adding to it, so to speak. One of the things we point out to men to make them better lovers is that women have always known how to go down on another woman better than a man can. But we're showing the men the secrets only the women knew before. So without getting too high and mighty, I hope we are doing some good too."

Not all academies are like Miss D.'s, however. There's a wide variety both in type and quality.

There are shacks scattered obscurely around the city that look like leftovers of a demolition job. There is a five room beach house just north of Malibu, owned by a former screen star, who rents his house to a well known and reliable madam for the "kink" of it. Some are located in store fronts whose windows have been blacked out or contact papered over. Inside one gets the sleazy and immediate impression that the operator of the establishment expects to be raided any minute and be forced to move on. Motels have become popular rentals for these schools. Three or four separate rooms can be had for nominal rents and the advantage here is that these relatively elegant academies can be billed as "schools for swingers," as one madam told this reporter.

The girls who "teach" or work in these academies range from Mexican wetbacks smuggled into the country from border [illegible] towns like Tijuana or Juarez, to young beauties on their way up the ladder to porn flick stardom.

One such young woman, 19 year old Gilda, is the Professor of Anal Control in one of the more elegant motel academies. With all the qualifications to become another darling of the Porno-Jet Sets in either Hollywood or New York, she's a tall, long legged blonde with green eyes and breasts so firm one could believe they had never been touched by the hand of man.

Gilda explained her specialty. "All of us will do whatever a customer wants once we're alone with him, of course," she said. "But we have our specialties that give that college education atmosphere to the place.

"I myself teach men how to hold back their orgasms by constricting their anal muscles. I demonstrate this technique by letting them place a finger upon or in my anus so they can feel my anal muscles constricting. Then, as they're having intercourse with me, I manually aid them in performing the same muscular action.

"I'll tell you one thing—there are a lot of wives and girl friends who have me to thank for the new 'staying powers' of their men.

"I've found that we get men who ordinarily would never think of visiting a whore house. If one of them, for example, would tell a buddy he had gotten laid in a house, the buddy would probably ask him why he couldn't find any free stuff for himself.

"But to attend an academy of sexual learning—well, that's different. That's a completely different kind of advantage for a guy, something he can both enjoy and talk about with men. After all, he's into the latest sex kink. That makes him even more of a swinger than ever."

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One of the newer, more expensive academies is located on Western Avenue, north of Sunset Boulevard. It is housed in a white stucco motel, using five of the motel's ten rooms. The rooms are built around a small swimming pool that, at night, is lit from under the water with blue lights.

A feature of this academy is its athletic program.

In addition to various sex courses given in the rooms of the motel, there is a midnight swimming course during which two or three nude swimming instructors demonstrate not only the butterfly and side strokes of swimming to develop the necessary muscles, but ways of making love under water.

"You'd be surprised," one girl at this academy told this reporter, "how many guys who are already terrific lovers come to us, and to other places like ours, to learn as much as they can about making love. They have a good time, sure. But they appreciate the value to them of picking up any new tips that will make them even better lovers than they already are."

I asked this girl how far out they will go in terms of demonstrating or indulging in various sex acts.

"We go practically the whole distance," she told me. "Today, for example, both men and women are lots freer sexually than they were even ten years ago. They're not ashamed to ask each other to perform acts they'd be scared or ashamed of not too long ago. Anything that's fun and doesn't tear your head off is O.K. But we have limits. Like we don't cater to any man who comes in and asks to whip or be whipped or anything like that. There's a dancer out in Burbank that specializes in all the S & M stuff a guy would need to be the Marquis de Sade himself. If that's a guy's bag, it's O.K. with me. But I don't play that way."

There are other "specialty" academies such as "The Institute of Oral Sex" located on Santa Monica Boulevard.

Here a man can observe or take part in every variety of oral sex.

There are small demonstration classes consisting of from five to a dozen men, each paying $25 for a thirty minute session.

Two girls and one man combine their skills to demonstrate different kinds and positions for fellatio and cunnilingus. The two girls work together, then with the male instructor. And, in addition to these "classroom sessions," a man can receive personal instruction from one or more girls in the privacy of a small bedroom that is conveniently equipped with a mirrored ceiling so a "student" can observe his own progress.

Back in the class, a man has the choice of watching the two girls perform cunnilingus on each other and then fellatio with the aid of a dildoe that is remarkably life like, as young the girls as they instruct and perform at the same time.

In keeping with the Institute's policy of specializing only in oral sex, a man has to pay "under the table" to have intercourse with one or more of his instructors.

A 25 year-old bachelor who works at an aircraft manufacturing plant just outside of Los Angeles, was present at the demonstration session this reporter witnessed at The Institute of Oral Sex.

I later asked him if he frequented these academies mainly to have a girl or for the various forms of sexual instruction they offer.

"Like any guy my age these days," he told this reporter, "I can get pretty much all I want in the way of fine and free stuff.

"I don't know about the other guys you saw but I get a kick out of a girl showing me something new. Just listening to her talk the whole thing out is a kick. No chick, no matter how wild she is with you, is going to give you a talk trip like you get in these places. I don't mean I like this better than just having a nice woman. It's something else, something different. I go to one of these places maybe once a month or less."

Had he ever brought a girl friend to one of these academies?

"One sweet lady—she was married—asked me to take her. She had heard about them and was ashamed to ask her husband to take her, just like she's ashamed to ask her husband to let her do a lot of wild things she does with me.

"It was a hell of a night. We were in a little motel room watching two girls demonstrating different ways to go down and before I knew it, my sweet lady is right in there with them. It was the wildest sex show I've ever seen, I'll tell you that much. And both she and I learned a few new tricks that night too. So we did get an education!"

A new variation on these academies is a place located on Hollywood Boulevard.

In a three story frame house dating back to the fabulous "anything goes" Twenties, there is a set up that calls itself The School of Erotic Photography. Here, as the ads put it, "The men take notes with cameras."

Yet it was not just another of the nude photo studios that are found today in every big city. Here, students are lectured by a scantily clad girl on the ways to light and photograph subjects in action—sexual action, that is.

The models may be two or three naked girls performing various sex acts or a combination of men and women going through a long, tangled routine that students can photograph from any angle and from as close as they wish.

One instance of these sessions that is

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always appreciated by the students is when a female member of the class announces she's sick of *taking* pictures—she wants to strip and get *into* the pictures. This is a successful variation of those strippers in the old days of real burlesque who would come up from the audience fully clothed and strip not out of a spangled and specially designed costume but out of ordinary street clothes—a gimmick that always proved to be more exciting than the regular stripper acts.

The school, naturally, rents cameras to students and will develop and return their film—for a sizable fee since no legitimate photo processing service would develop the kinds of pictures that are taken at these sessions.

If after the general class session, a man wishes to have a private session with one or more of the girls he can do so for an additional fee of $30 per girl for a half hour. The girls will pose for any kind of pictures he may want to take. And for another fee will perform either fellatio or intercourse with him. And a surprising number of the men who make a point of either bringing their own or renting a Polaroid camera want to have photographs taken of themselves with the girl or girls.

An establishment called The Nude Game Room located on Hill Street in downtown Los Angeles has a different gimmick.

Less elegant than the other sex academies clustered mostly in Hollywood. The Nude Game Room takes up most of the second floor of a small office building.

In three rooms, instruction is given by nude teachers in what are referred to as "sexual games." In the "horse race game" for example, two girls on separate beds serve as "mounts" for their male "jockeys." The object of the game is for the two men to ride their mounts for as long as possible in order to reach the finish line.

The girls during the race try to moan or speak encouragement to their jockeys as each tries to continue having intercourse for as long as possible. Sometimes bets are made between friends or between men who met for the first time at the establishment, though gambling is not necessary.

A group game where men can also place their bets is one in which two or three girls perform cunnilingus on two or three of the other girls. The winner in this game is the girl who can bring her partner to "orgasm" first.

Though these "orgasms" are always simulated the girls put on a good show and the excited cheering from bystanders gives one the feeling he is at some bizarre kind of erotic race track.

Following any of the game sessions, turned on spectators are invited to join any one or more of the girls in a private room. Fees for this additional curriculum are from $25 for a half hour to $40 for a full hour.

What brought about these new institutions of sexual learning?

Kelley G., 27-year-old dean of The Hollywood Sex College on Wilshire Boulevard told this reporter: "Out here there's so much free and beautiful stuff available for the man, us pros have got to keep on our toes to think up something new to attract even the jaded Hollywood male.

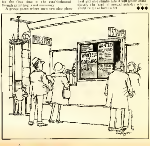
"Girls who were hustling at clubs the last few years were starving to death. At some of the old reliable pick-up clubs for call girls, a man has to push his way through a crowd of young single swingers who are as anxious to get laid that night as he is.

"I know from friends that it's getting to be the same in other cities too. Here in Hollywood there has always been too much amateur free stuff for call girls to feel comfortable.

"These sex academies so far have been doing a land office business. We do, after all, offer more than even the best amateur can give a man. Here he gets laid and a sexual education and/or show combined. What man wouldn't enjoy being handed a degree that certified he was a 'Master of Sexual Arts'?"

And at "The Hollywood Sex College" a man when he has completed his night's studies and is on his way out is handed just such a degree—which he may either toss away or hang framed over his bed so the next girl who climbs into it will know immediately the kind of sexual scholar who is about to make love to her.

◆◆◆



How your Horoscope can bring you wealth. love. success and happiness.

by Norman P. Kennedy

Astrology Today
PRESENTED BY THE
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Did you know your horoscope could mean the difference between happiness or sorrow, between success or failure?

Picture a long room with doors at each end. In this room there is money, attractive persons of the opposite sex, books that tell you the secrets of happiness and many other valuable articles. But also in this room are bottomless pits, traps, hostile persons and dangerous beasts situated in various places around the room. You must walk through this room but you may take out of it anything you can.

Now if you had a choice, would you choose to 1) go through the room blindfolded or 2) go through the room with your eyes open and with written instructions on which places and people to visit or avoid.

Of course all of us would pick the second choice in a case such as this. Isn't it ridiculous then that we would choose to go through life in the same situation, blindfolded? Even when there is a means to go through life with a map and our eyes wide open? The means provided is Astrology. The map is our astrological horoscope.

How does it work? Nature's cosmos imprints each of us at the time of birth when the umbilical cord is cut. We then become ourselves. Until that moment, we are part of our mother. Why or how we presently do not know. The movement of the huge solar bodies then times potentials for events in our lives. Astrology does not cause events but it is timing of events. But, it is not fortune telling. It's a prediction of potentials which free will can override.

What does a natal horoscope analysis by a qualified astrologer contain? A natal horoscope analysis contains the best psychological analysis of yourself that you can get today. Bennett in a controlled experiment in 1960: astrologers beat psychologists in predicting one's behavior.

In addition, a natal horoscope analysis includes discussions on the following: financial outlook, taxes and inheritances, home environment; relationships with family, relatives and parents; lovelife and marriage; children; career and occupation; hopes, wishes and goals; and subconscious attitudes. In a major analysis a one year forecast is also included.

Many people think that astrology only appeals to "way out" unscientific people. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact studies show that astrology appeals most to intelligent and logical people. Famous scientists Galileo, Carl Jung, Johannes Kepler, Roger Bacon, Tycho Brahe and Albert Einstein all believed in astrology.

Your horoscope can help you be in the right place at the right time.

Your horoscope can help you avoid disasters while guiding you to your beneficial opportunities.

Did you know that astrology helped the allies win World War II? The allies employed astrologers. The axis powers started out employing astrologers but this was ceased only when the famous astrologer Karl Ernst Krafft predicted the exact time and place of an attempt on Hitler's life in 1939. Hitler thought the astrologers were conspiring against him so they were imprisoned.

Hitler turned back to astrology too late. He read his horoscope in the last moments of the war as Berlin burned around him.

More outstanding disasters arise from stories from a recent article in the Miami Herald newspaper. The article tells the story of Mary Kelly, a Miami computer programmer who heeded the advice of her horoscope which warned her of a wrong medical diagnosis. She avoided an unnecessary operation that would have left her a cripple.

The Miami Herald also tells the story of astrologer *Clifford MacMullins* who is George McGovern's personal astrologer. He warned McGovern that if he ran for president that he would win the democratic nomination but he would lose badly to President Nixon in the November election.

Your horoscope can bring you wealth. Famous business tycoon J.P. Morgan used astrology to acquire his fortune. Morgan did not make a financial move without checking his horoscope forecast.

From an article in the Miami Herald comes this story:

Stockbrokers on Wall Street are as likely to call on astrologers in this decade as Hollywood film stars would call a psychiatrist in the last. David Williams, a 75 year old retired financial expert who lives in Clearwater has made $150,000 from the stock market in 13 years by using astrology as an investment guide.

Your horoscope can show you the way to success and happiness in love and marriage. Horoscopes of Grace Kelly and Jackie Kennedy predicted their current successful marriages: Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier and Jackie Kennedy to Aristotle Onassis.

Princess Grace and Prince Rainier have recently had their horoscopes done together by American astrologer Kent Clayton. As with these famous people your horoscope can help you find and keep a lasting and meaningful love relationship.

Now and through the ages a good natal horoscope analysis has meant success for many people. In other cases many men have missed their opportunity, some with tragic consequences such as Adolf Hitler.

Will you miss your success opportunities? Will you stumble into pitfalls you could have avoided?

Today, right this moment, you can have your natal horoscope cast and analyzed. You can get it for only the cost to make your duplicate copy. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process FREE. The article below will tell you how. The means are available but the choice is yours.

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HOW TO GET YOUR NATAL HOROSCOPE FOR ONLY THE COST OF MAKING COPIES.

by John F. Ford

Send me your exact time and place of birth. I'll cast and analyze your natal horoscope for research purposes. You may have duplicate copies of your horoscope for only $3.00, the cost to make your copies plus postage and handling costs. You get the expensive casting and analyzing process—FREE, because of the fact that we must produce your horoscope for research anyhow.

Your natal horoscope will consist of nine pages and over 3,000 words. Your natal horoscope will contain your psychological analysis plus a discussion of the following: your lovelife, financial outlook, marriage, family and children relationships, career and occupations, hopes, wishes and goals and subconscious attitudes. A horoscope of this type would cost up to $300 if done by an astrologer.

I will cast your horoscope with the help of an 360-65 I.B.M. computer which contains over 24 million bits of information. Your horoscope will not be the worthless type found in daily newspapers. Your natal horoscope will be cast from your exact time and place of birth for you and you alone.

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There is no need to worry about finding out about an unavoidable coming disaster thru your chart. As stated, astrology deals in potentials. Your free will can override potentials if you know about them. In any case, the policy of qualified astrologers is positive astrology. If there is something negative in your chart, you are told what you can do to make it positive.

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If you have any questions call me John F. Ford, president—The International Astrological Association at (216) 494-4282. Thank you!

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MY LIFE WITH THE HEADHUNTERS

(Continued from page 20)

Panggul's huge eyes filled with the tears that come from a stinging personal hurt. "No danger," he said. "Dyak only honor dead in first ceremony. They happy you here. Very special honor for Dyak."

We left our jewelry on the boat. It was possible that rings, identification bracelets, wrist watches would confuse a primitive people.

Outside it was dark. The warm green smell of the jungle assaulted our nostrils with its heaviness as we stepped barefoot off the boat.

There was no one in sight.

Mosquitoes roared by, their songs much louder than usual, and other night insects bumped into us with their soft bodies. The moon unveiled itself from a cloud and threw a dusky glow upon the ground, and crawling weeds were everywhere. Abdul turned off his flashlight and the sound from the switch was deafening.

Suddenly there was a rustling in the trees behind me, and a tiny brown face began to percolate itself through the darkness. It withdrew and was swallowed up in the night before it could really be seen.

There was a skittering movement on the right, and again we had a fleeting glimpse of a blurred and indefinite face.

We hovered together in a bunch, but Panggul stood with his back toward us a few feet away, and was peering into the jungle growth. I turned to look at Panggul and saw behind him, above his shoulder, a pair of frightened black eyes piercing their way through the dark, quite near and very still. Something glinted brightly above his left shoulder: metal, a blade of some kind, perhaps a spear.

Beside it, another face filtered through the darkness, and another and still another until we were surrounded by twenty-five or thirty tiny brown-skinned men. All of them were cut from the same piece of brown human fabric with the same four-, four-and-a-half-foot height, and their eyes glittered with fear and sometimes the whites showed around the dark pits. Their bodies were remarkably smooth and their faces hairless except for a few men with straggly, untrimmed chin whiskers. They looked as though they had stopped breathing. Their bodies were tied up with stiffness and rigidity. Some of them had dropped open their mouths. The young boys were naked, but the men had tied short sarongs around their waists and these men held spears and blowguns at their sides, the metal tips pointing skyward.

They had shown themselves. But they were unmoving and silent and awestruck.

One of the older men looked a little nervous with his blowgun, and Panggul said something softly in Dyak that jerked all of them to turn their eyes upon him. But their eyes traveled back again to study the six-foot white colossus that stood in their path way.

In a sudden burst of courage one little fellow began to creep secretly toward me. His feet moved over the ground without sound of any kind, his eyes raised, fear-filled, toward my eyes and mouth. When he was within ten feet, he stopped, spread his legs and placed his hands on his hips. His chest rose as he filled his lungs with a deep, sighing breath, and then he looked back at his friends and grinned a little in triumph.

The Dyaks blinked in amazement at the heroic attack he was making.

Encouraged that no disaster had befallen him, he threw back his tiny shoulders and with gaudy boldness advanced another step and then another until he was standing in front of me. He dropped his head far back to look at my face, and I bent my head forward a little to see his. We stared, uneasily, at each other for a long time, and neither of us moved.

Slowly his head turned sidewise, and he lowered his eyes to study my arms. Without a warning of any kind, his right hand jerked out and he pinched the hair on my forearm, and pulled as hard as he could. I was uncomfortably reminded of the proclivity of these headhunters to collect human hair.

He was openly puzzled. He turned to look at his friends again, batting his eyes in astonishment. He shook his head from side to side and then turned around to face me. He seemed satisfied now that the hair on my arm would not turn loose, but he gave it a second pull anyway. He stooped a little to inspect my hand and blew a tremendous blast of air on my fingers. I could not suppress a chuckle. The noise of it sent the Dyak scampering back into the circle of men yelling, "*Sang Hyang Ikan Bas*," as he ran. (Great White Fish God.)

We had met the headhunters of Borneo.

* * *

Summer 1958. We were on the island of Borneo, ten miles west of the capital of Bandjarmasin, when the entire headhunting business began, but none of us knew it was beginning at the time.

Amy, my 12-year-old son, and I were in Indonesia—a corner of the world sprinkled with over three thousand islands linking the South Pacific and Indian Oceans. They were beautiful islands. Some were splashed with emerald jungles, many were spiked with soaring volcanoes and a few of them were mere dots above the foam.

The country was just too big, too scattered and too hot to make journalism and photography fast, easy work.

The necessity of using an interpreter slowed down the work too, though Sjam Soarni Sjam was one of the best in the business.

Before her tenth birthday she could chew tobacco, drink hard liquor and still do the work of ten men without grumbling. By the time she graduated from the University of Djokarta, she was ready for travel.

When I met Sjam, she was thirty-five, knew the numbers of her country and could keep a fan score. I liked her immediately.

It was Abdul who started the events which followed though.

"*Selamat malam*," he said the first time we met him, whipping his hat against his leg. He crossed and sat down next to Sjam, holding his hat with his hands between his knees.

Sjam began the volley of Indonesian between them.

At one time she shook her head from side to side as though to clear her mind and then leaned forward to understand better. The boy's eyes (he looked to be 19 or 20) flitted over the room, alive with the excitement of whatever he was feeling. His voice rose to a feverish pitch, and then Sjam choked. She coughed to clear her throat and rubbed the corners of her mouth in concentration. Her fingers were still on her mouth when she muttered something to the boy, listened to his response, then laughter overcame her.

"Well," she said, "you'll never guess!"

She pulled at the lobe of her ear, trying to get a starting point, and then said, "Well, his name is Abdul Manaf Chairul and he's a journalist from the *Bark Press* here in Bandjarmasin. He wants you to head an expedition to explore the Central Borneo jungles and hunt for a lost band of natives that are supposed to be living there!"

"Why me?" I asked.

"Well," said Sjam, "publicity, I think. You know, a woman with a small child. Americans, good photographic and recording equipment and all that. But wait until I tell you! There's *unexplored* territory he's talking about and those lost natives are headhunters."

Headhunters!

"Yeah!" Sjam laughed and rolled his eyes up again. "He thinks that if you can go in there and keep your head then maybe others will follow!"

The proposition was preposterous but I supposed it was flattering in a way.

"Tell him our best thanks anyway."

I should have known better than. Later there was a news broadcast, some official documents and telegram that read:

telegram Nepal

47U/VIII/rdg/perah! Police Number 471 to the Governor of Central Kalimantan and Regent of Sampit, to announce to you that a photo-journalist from the United States of America, Wyn Sargent, and her son, Jimy, together with interpreter Sjam, Sjam from Nitour Inc. and one journalist, Abdul Manaf Choerul, from South Kalimantan, have been granted priority to visit Central Kalimantan to research the culture, arts and traditions of the native people of Central Kalimantan.

That I was going was apparently a forgone conclusion. I was being drafted and I knew it, and although I was shocked, I was also intrigued.

I knew I would go.

On July 4th, Wyn Sargent, Jimy, Sjam and an official escort from the police and army embarked on a journey which would eventually take them up the Mentaya River into virtually unexplored territory—with no compass and only an incomplete and rudimentary map to guide them. At their first stop, the frontier town of Sampit, they met with the head of the district, acquired more men for their escort and met Panggul.

He was almost five feet tall. Barefoot. He stood with his legs well spread and his head held very high. His hair was black and curly, cut short, and looked like little coils of wire spinning around a face as black as coffee.

He was wearing new "white man's" clothes with threads hanging from the trousers. He seemed quite uncomfortable in them because they didn't fit well.

When he finally spoke, the words were soft and cautious and his coffee cheeks deepened a little in color.

"I am Panggul. I come take Miss Sargent to my people in jungle. I take her. I bring her back!" His words were spoken in the Indonesian language, broken but understandable.

The regent leaned on his elbow on the arm of his chair and bent his head. "This man is a Dyak from one of the tribes in the interior. He could be a good guide for you and certainly he knows the Dyak dialects."

"What does Dyak mean?"

Panggul understood the question. "Dyak," he said, "mean my people in jungle. Many tribes, many clans, but all people called Dyak. I am Iban clan from Dyak Iban tribe and also belong to another tribe, Katingan clan from Dyak Ngadju tribe."

"We think he has been here for about a year," said the regent. "The man sleeps in a cave at night and roams the streets in the day."

"Why?"

Panggul lowered his head and closed his eyes and sighed deeply. A tiredness had suddenly left his shoulders sagging slightly. When he opened his eyes, there was a deep, hell-tested sadness there that I had not seen before and the sadness was exaggerated now because the man was weeping.

"I come here get help for my people. My people now unable to live in jungle. Way of living for Dyak destroyed, nothing left. Many have no clothes. Many have no homes. My people Great People. Today they no remember their greatness. People have no food, no medicine, no hope. People need help to live now."

Whatever the reasons for the present condition of his people, Panggul was quarreling with history and its subsequent course of events. It was confusing to look upon his face. He appeared to be a strangely strong man and one who handled himself with an unseen superior force, but it was a force that might prove deadening and probably it was one without pity. But he also looked like the kind of a man who could think about spring in the dead of winter.

Panggul was put on record as the official Dyak guide-interpreter for the expedition.

That night I dreamt that I rode through the headhunters' jungle on the shoulders of a little giant.

*****

So the Dyak natives of Sapuri were responsible for bestowing upon me the reputation of the Great White Fish—a reputation that I was to enjoy for seven years to come.

They had seen me rise from the river, and it made excellent sense to them to use me to substantiate the stories of their ancestors about the great white fish that had once inhabited the seas of their Earthland.

The little committee of Dyaks began to relax. And so did we. With uncurbed curiosity the natives edged in closer and closer to investigate our group. Panggul had stirred too. He was pulling a dark Dyak toward us. Abruptly the man liberated himself from Panggul's grasp and began to come forward under his own power. As he came, he smiled at us.

"This, Chief Niga," said Panggul.

He was a very dark skinned man with a great cluster of black hair on his head, most of it standing straight up. His shoulders were sloping and from them hung thick, muscular arms that were heavy and strong from a work that required lifting or pushing. His full lips, hardly punished by the tropical sun, were chapped and peeling. There were large holes in his earlobes where earrings had once been inserted and little loops of skin hung from his ears like slender loops of spaghetti. His eyes were filled with the reserve and dignity respectful to his position. A mandau (knife) with human hair in its handle hung at his waist, and beneath it a short sarong had been tied.

With the help of two interpreters, Chief Niga and I exchanged what we believed were the appropriate politenesses and courteous formalities for such an occasion. The chief leaned forward and I spoke to intercept the words because he felt he should understand them. The natives watched my mouth and when the words came, they giggled and squealed with laughter at the funny English sounds.

After the exchange was over, Chief Niga invited us into the shack where the funeral was to be held and sent all of us stumbling down a path to the village.

The path began at the river's edge, continued for a hundred yards and disappeared into the jungle growth. The Dyaks had built their houses of poles and thatch on either side of the path. There were only five straggling huts in the village and all of them wobbled about high on the ends of their eight-foot stilts. I learned that the shacks had been built over the body of a man buried beneath one of the main poles.

The funeral parlor turned out to be the last house on the right of the path because it was in the best shape. A single log, slot-cut, rose eight feet straight up and I was boosted through the front door.

The frame of the house was made of bamboo, and bark skin had been tied to it with lengths of rattan to make up the walls. The grass ceiling pitched ten feet above the eight by twelve floor in the middle of the room and rested at a five-foot level on the back walls.

There was no furniture in the room.

Something that looked like a scarecrow rose in a spectacular arrangement in the center of the shack. It was made from dried branches and leaves and then dressed up with seeds, roots, shells and other oddities. It was there to keep the evil spirits away.

Behind the scarecrow the dead man lay in a coffin shaped like a canoe because the Dyaks believe he can sail his way into heaven. An ill-fitted lid had been cemented with natural asphalt onto the sides of the canoe. It was a bum job. The room was filled with the sweet, musty smell of decomposed flesh and the stench left one heady and sick with nausea.

The little shack swayed from side to side on its shaky stilts in violent protest to the onslaught of Dyaks that paraded through the door. Some of the men brought torches with them and stuck them upright into the bamboo floor. Behind the men came the women and children.

The light fell on the people and danced over their faces and eyes with yellow flickers. There were many old, old women, too many to count. They wore sarongs that had long ago rotted and were now falling to pieces.

There were babies, too many to count. Babies that were gaunt. Tired little babies with hunger written in their eyes and on their stomachs. Some of them whimpered, afraid of the noise around them, and they were drawn to the chests of the old women who held them. Only a pitiful handful of women looked young enough to be mothers and like their babies they were gaunt looking too and hungry.

The middle generation was missing. It was as though they had not been invited at all.

Niga offered me a clay bowl with everything that it contained, not just part of it. It was my introduction to Dyak food and it hit me hard. A post mortem of the bowl's contents proved it to be a pig's stomach boiled in coconut oil. Every Dyak meal henceforth became a torment for me and every subsequent hiccup a reminder of an ordeal recently finished or of one that was yet to come.

The chief moved over and squatted beside Panggul and began to explain the routine of the funeral ceremony, and while he talked a black ant crawled over his bare foot and up onto his toes. Niga reached down and crushed the ant between his forefinger and thumb and then punched the ant into his mouth.

Panggul turned to translate the procedure in his broken Indonesian to Sjam. I was thinking about the black ant when Sjam delivered his translation to me.

I understood that we were to see the first part of a funeral ceremony, a blood sacrificing ritual based on the Kaharingan religion of the Dyak people. The high priest was delegated to run the show and he was called the balian.

The people were quiet now and listening and waiting. The balian raised a crooked index finger and it brought six grass-covered Dyak men into the room, wobbling under the weight of the enormous masks that covered their faces.

A lecherous old Dyak with a mischievous face sprang up and hit a circular brass gong that hung from the ceiling by a strong rattan rope and it put the dancers in motion. The dance stopped when the performers believed he had projected his point and the Dyaks looked at each other and nodded and smiled.

A boom on the gong heralded the arrival of a second batch of dancers and four half naked men shuffled aimlessly toward the center of the room. To conceal their identity the men wore masks that had been cut from gourds and decorated with charcoal and chalk stripe. They were understandably nervous. The dance they were to perform was meant to portray the spirit of the dead man, and if they missed a step in the ritual and were recognized by the gods, they believed they would die too.

The dance lasted only a few minutes, and there was nothing wild or uninhibited about it. The men moved with practiced and sedately intricate steps and they seemed tremendously relieved when it was over.

The belian coughed loudly to clear his throat and then spat on the side of the coffin. The action turned every eye in the room toward him. With this attention, he began to chant an invitation to the gods to attend the funeral and to bring with them a good will for the people or at least a neutrality. The chant was not clearly spoken. There were tones that rose and swelled, and when the belian ran out of breath there were little pauses. At one time his voice cracked and broke and it drew a giggle from some of the children.

It finally ended on a medium pitch, and its ending shot two breathless Dyak men through the front door. They were covered with blood.

They stumbled through the crowd of people toward the coffin, breathing heavily from the overload of the parts of a dead wild pig in their arms. I supposed the animal had been the owner of the stomach I had eaten. One of the men held the pig's head in his right hand, and he hung it on the scarecrow as he passed by. The long ribbons of flesh cut from behind the ears hung nearly to the floor, and little dribbles of blood splattered softly from the ends. The heart had been jerked out of the head and, along with the other bloody parts, it was heaped high on the coffin. The belian moved not even the slightest as the entrails were draped across his legs. He sat in a pool of rising blood.

The Dyaks were fired by the sight of the blood and their eyes glittered brightly, almost hungrily. Several of the older men jumped to their feet and raced each other to the coffin and thrust their hands and arms up to the elbows into the bright red gore. They drilled their fingers into the bowels and then, with breathless enthusiasm, smeared blood over the head and bodies of everyone in the room. Not even the tiny babies escaped the adventure.

For a Westerner a blood anointing can be a terrifying experience and one that could nearly cause him to expire on the spot. But blood to the Dyak represents a way of satisfying like nothing else. It creates all kinds of magical unions between the known and the unknown, and it explains everything that the Dyak does not fully understand. The blood itself is loaded with magic and its powers are unlimited. At this funeral it was used as an appeasement to blood-thirsty gods that were roaming about the place and as a general cleansing agent for the souls of the living Dyaks. (My soul was politely overlooked on this occasion.)

Suddenly the whole shack was on fire. The flames scrambled up the bark walls and licked at the grass roof, roaring as it went. The fire sighed deeply over the room and its hot breath singed and burned everything, including the people. The Dyaks screamed and hollered and yelled and cheered and laughed and loved every minute of it. They leaped high into the air to avoid being seriously burned by the falling sparks. When they had had enough, they began to slap their hands and bodies over the blaze and spit at the flames to extinguish them before we were all burned up.

The Dyaks not only played with blood, they played with fire as well, and as a finale to the funeral the fire would light the dead man's path to heaven, and if a few careless Dyaks were burned in the fact, well, that would amuse the grieving family.

Before we left Sapiri, Chief Niga explained that the deceased would be buried in his coffin tomorrow morning and someday there would be a "second ceremony" to raise his soul to the seventh heaven, a location rather ill-defined as "over there." This wonderful resurrection would be accomplished by offering many heads to the supreme god of their religion, Sang Hyang.

"Human heads?" I whispered to Sjam.

To drink unboiled river water is the short cut to serious trouble. One of our policemen was sick as a result of having done it. "He will return with the boat tomorrow," Sjam said. "Panggul says we must travel by canoe now."

We were sorry to see the old boat go. Dilapidated as it was, the clanging Diesel engine had scattered out a warm touch of "civilization," and its departure would take with it our final communication with that world.

The captain agreed to meet us in Juala Kuajan in four or five weeks, and meanwhile we would follow the Mentaja River as far north as possible to explore whatever villages were on its banks.

We packed our foodstuffs into two small dugouts, bade farewell to the captain, and in the early morning hours headed upstream for a village Panggul called Bawan.

It is not much fun to travel in a canoe on a jungle river. The dark trees on the river banks overhang the river and throw down shadows that are unfriendly. Sometimes a limb is seen, worn smooth in the middle where headhunters have sat on it, waiting for an animal or the enemy to pass by. This makes the air gloomy and threatening.

The river itself is not without its own dangers. It gurgles up a chilling chorus of its own from the noise of snakes. There are so many snakes that the water is always dimpled somewhere with the passing of them. Most of them are poisonous and therefore terrible. They navigate through the warm waters like little submarines with only their heads stuck up, twisting and turning around like tiny periscopes. It is difficult to believe that one becomes bored with their presence, but it happens.

When we arrived in Bawan, we discovered that the Dyaks could not be regarded as architects or carpenters. Their huts slumped at strange angles, and some of them looked as though they had been pushed off their stilts by a giant hand. If a tree fell on a house and mashed out the corner, then that corner was mashed forever. Nothing is ever repaired in a Dyak village.

Some of the Dyaks in Bawan had tried their hand at farming but without success in raising a crop of any kind. Therefore Bawan was starving.

Ingan was chief of the village. When he saw Panggul he saluted him by touching his forehead to the ground. "Talking drums tell me you come," he said. "Please come to my house."

We crowded into the little shack that Ingan called his house, and before we could sit down there was a sudden splintering and shredding of bamboo and one of the policemen disappeared through the floor.

Ingan laughed. "We need new floor anyhow. Now I make! This make time satisfactory. If no thing happen, if no joy or tragedy, then time is nothing. I have hole in floor. I make new floor. Two disruptions time! Nothing to nothing make no time at all!"

It was our first touch with Dyak philosophy, a philosophy that unfailingly embraced the sunny side of every dark cloud. The dark shack was lit up with the lightning Ingan lived within, and all of us felt the excitement in the air when he invited us to his son's wedding. "We must bride's price. We very lucky. Brides not cheap! Now we have good old fashioned Dyak wedding in Rudjanel. My son already prove he brave man for girl. He do Dyak war dance and we paint charcoal tattoos on calves on his legs. In old days, must get human head to prove brave and then put tattoos on legs."

"How did Ingan get his tattoos?" I whispered to Sjam.

When Sjam asked the question, Panggul bristled and his eyes slitted darkly. His reaction startled me.

"Oh," laughed Ingan. "Get tattoos many ways. Yes, many ways! Ingan have tattoos because he very brave. Yes, very brave man."

There was no more explanation than that, and one look at Panggul's face was a good indication not to pursue it.

Tomorrow we would go to Rudjanel.

A word here about the holes in the bamboo floors of the Dyaks' shacks. They are filled with holes because the Dyaks love to chew betel nuts. The betel nut is a narcotic as well as the mirah leaf it is wrapped in, and together they create an astonishing amount of red juice in the mouth. When it becomes more than the Dyak can handle, he spits the juice through the holes in the floor. If a hole isn't handy, he simply cuts another with his parang. In no time at all a floor can resemble a sieve.

It was my first night to be spent sleeping inside a Dyak shack, and I found that it was no fun to sleep on top of a spittin hole. The hole weakens the floor and there is the danger of falling through to the ground, seven feet below.

The visitor learns, after one night, to survey the floor of his host's house during the daylight hours and selects a good spot to do his sleeping.

We arrived in Rudjanel in time for the sunset. "We have wedding today to scrape the stars," Ingan yelled.

In the morning the whole village was noisy with the excitement of the marriage event.

At the south end of the village Ukung the bridegroom was making a "Key of Life" and he had put his heart into his work. The Key was molded from clay mixed with a little pinch of gold dust, and it looked like a big question mark when it was finished. Ukung would carry the four-foot Key on his back to his bride's front door, and the Key would officially "open" the wedding ceremony.

Napuah, Ukung's bride, stood in the doorway of her father's shack and waited for all this to happen. She was very young, perhaps thirteen, and she was beautiful.

The chief appeared in the doorway of his shack and nodded at the little committee in the center path, a signal that put the group in motion.

Timah, Ukung's best man and bodyguard, helped Ukung mount the heavy Key on his back, and together they started off toward Napuah's house, leading the little procession of Dyaks behind them.

Ingan, his dark face flushed with excitement, rushed up and said, "This ceremony called Balan. When we reach bamboo gate, Ukung must cut bamboo with mandau, and if not cut open in one stroke, then wedding off."

Napuah saw Ukung lower the Key in front of the gate and she disappeared inside, shutting the grass door behind her. One Dyak stood in front of the door, his arms folded over his chest, to play out his role as Napuah's bodyguard.

Ukung unsheathed his mandau and stepped up to the gate. Without hesitation of any kind, he raised his knife and brought the blade smashing downwards so that the bamboo fell into two pieces at his feet.

"He's won. He can get married now!" said Jimy.

"No, not yet!" Ingan said. "Bodyguards must fight. And if Timah not win, then wedding off!"

Ukung nodded to Timah and slapped him on the back for good luck.

Timah halted toward the shack to battle with Jumbit. He climbed the little ladder well enough, but when he reached the top his feet abruptly slipped out from under him and he skidded across the little porch and collided into the waiting Jumbit. The impact plummeted the two boys from the porch and they fell to the ground in a tangle of arms and legs. The fall knocked the breath from both of them and they rolled about on the ground, their arms clasped around their middles, painfully struggling to breathe again. Timah regained his breath first and staggered to a standing position. It was an effort that crowned him as victor.

"Now is that all? Can they get married now?" asked Jerry.

"No, not yet!" said Ingan. "Ukung must throw spear through house to kill evil spirits. Then get married."

Ukung completed his final test and the pursuit, the gifts, the trek to Badjanei, the trials and tests of the old-fashioned wedding, were over and finished.

The marriage ceremony itself was nothing more than a simple formality. The couple washed one another in pig's blood to cleanse the other of evil spirits and evil thoughts, and then they left the shack to bathe together in the river.

The wedding "feast" was held in the chief's shack, a feast that would last as long as there was food and drink. The Dyaks were experts at building a party from inadequate materials, and the memory of the Dyak food served at these fiestas made me gasp. We would be expected to eat whatever was served if we attended the party. The thought was without relish of any kind.

Panggul had scheduled the village of Tumbang Puon as our next destination, and it was excuse enough for us to depart. No one missed us very much. The Dyaks were too busy eating and drinking and talking, and even Ingan's mouth was so full of food that he could only sputter and nod his head in good-by.

It was a chocolate flood. The Mentaja River had run swollen itself to the point of forbearance. It had boiled into an unbelievable rage and that rage churned out muddy furies of frothy cascades. The echo of that angry churning could be heard ten miles away.

The river tore at its own edges and toppled its banks and then it roared into the villages themselves, and the thundering, moaning waters burst open and knocked down whatever they touched.

When the water finally subsided and the river had sulked back into its escarpment, there was not a Dyak in Tumbang Puon who did not believe that I had staged the drama personally.

The Tumbang Dyaks were not a high strung people. Usually they took life pretty much as it came. But rain, flood and destruction boxed up in a single packet had tuned some of them too high, and they snapped like cut violin strings.

One of them was named Gram. Gram was an old, old man. He was one of the few white-haired Dyaks I had ever seen, and his head was covered with a great snowy duster of it. His body was badly bent, warped up and misshapen with swollen and deformed joints. His ungraceful figure radiated a discontentment with himself and with others too.

Gram could never get used to the idea that he had not been chosen to be the chief of Tumbang Puon.

"That old Gram," said Panggul. "He plenty crazy man."

Gram bracketed us with his eyes but never looked directly upon any of us. He seemed to be groping among the bits and pieces of his mind to identify or justify our presence in the village.

In front of Gram, lying on the ground, was a short stick. He leaned forward abruptly, picked up the stick and then banged it on the ground. Then he hoisted himself into a half-standing position, turned on his heel and wobbled off into the undergrowth of the jungle.

We could hear him screaming maledictions at whatever evil spirits he thought were hiding there. The vines shook violently under the lashings he gave them with his stick.

When he had cut down as many devils as he could, he hobbled out, the stick under the pit of his arm, a look of triumphant transport on his face.

Panggul whispered to Gram and sent him limping down the center path, where he disappeared into one of the shacks. Before he left, he had narrowed his eyes at me with a chilling look.

There was a sudden shrieking of an outraged chicken close by. It seemed a pity that the wild jungle "poultry" so hastily went to the block for whatever occasion was on hand, whether it was happy, mournful, or apologetic. The chickens undoubtedly took a very dim view of the Dyaks and their blood-demanding gods. This sacrifice was meant for Kambe Hai, the devil god of the Mentaja River. It was urgent if the river was to behave again.

The Dyaks had more gods, spirits and ghosts than anything else, and all of them were alive. Nothing ever died in Borneo. It was a very crowded place.

"Is called *kayau*," Panggul said. "Hunt for heads."

We were sitting in one of the few houses left standing in the village. Panggul had finally agreed to tell me why the Dyaks hunted heads and how they did it. He had used the Indonesian word for headhunting and his voice had suddenly gone rusty, almost as though from lack of use. His eyes were dulled as though he wasn't seeing with them anymore.

His next statement shocked me.

"When they outlaw headhunting, they take honour from Dyak. They take purpose for life."

He paused, wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and sighed deeply. "All over now," he said, and bitterness crept over his face.

"I'll bet you'd be hell in a black negligee."

I suspected that Panggul had hunted a few heads in his lifetime, and this linked him directly to the headhunters themselves. He and a few others were the remnants of all that immeasurable greatness that stemmed from headhunting in Borneo. His face reflected a weeping love for those years now regretfully gone by.

There has never been a systematic accounting of any event in Borneo, but Panggul knew the history of headhunting through his own personal experience and through his relationship to the tribes living in the Mentaja area. Half a century ago headhunting was regulated by tribunal law, and these laws legalized each tribe's headhunting requirements. According to the tribes' needs the laws were established and upheld in the village of Rian Sembali, where the undisputed champion of all headhunters, Rambang Sawit, lived and ruled in 1890.

Sawit was credited with over one thousand heads, which earned him the unmatched title of *comangjang* king. He excelled in other skills, too, for his house boasted forty wives and several hundred children.

In the headhunting days when Borneo meant all of the island and the Malayan-Indonesian boundaries had not yet been drawn, many of the Dyak tribes shared each other's laws. Panggul (Tribe Iban) and Ingan (Tribe Ngadju) observed the same headhunting rules for marriage and manhood. If a man wanted to gain his majority or get married, he had to bring home a head. The head, aptly named the Trophy of Victory, was to be lopped off in a single blow. Any human being was fair play and the bravest Dyak took the head of his next door neighbor! The decapitated body stayed where it was felled, food for the vultures, and the head was brought into the victor's village, where it was displayed by the Ibans but buried by the Ngadjus.

The most demanding headhunting requirement came from those laws that were rooted in the Dyaks' Kaharingan religion.

A promise made to a dying parent, for example, to provide him with a manservant in heaven was believed to be fulfilled by burying an enemy's head near the body when he died. The number of servants sent with the deceased depended entirely upon how many were promised to the parent prior to his death. Sometimes the heads numbered in the hundreds.

The nastiest of these Kaharingan religious demands involved the catching of a man, skewering him alive on the end of a twenty foot pole, and then burying him in the ground head down, feet skyward. This effort was meant to give power to the Bird of Paradise perched on the far end of the pole—to fly the celebrated deceased's soul into the seventh heaven.

The sects in the Tumbang Puon area hunted heads as a demonstration of absolute bravery and then drank tuak from the human skulls they had freshly decapitated. It was the epitome of their intrepidity.

The headhunting of the Ketingan and Kahajan sects was motivated by revenge. Both sects forever felt injured by the other and that injury gave rise to a nonstop retaliation between the two.

Some tribes buried their heads and other tribes displayed them. The Ibans, a northern tribe, believed the skulls brought strength and prosperity to the house, and they lined their shelves with as many trophies as possible. They fed the spirits that dwelled within the heads by stuffing bits of food through the nose, eyes, and mouth.

Headhunting gave to all tribes strength and harmony, and to many young boys it gave manhood and marriage, sometimes at the fragile age of ten years.

At the end of the headhunter's trail were the rewarding tattoos, proof of successful headhunting. The rulers boasted, in addition to blackened calves, a dragon-lizard design on their thighs. Their daughters' wrists and legs were tattooed with stars and stripes to elevate their status to royalty.

One day, in the early 1900's, the King of Siam Sem'ali counted his empire's inhabitants and found that the collecting of heads had become dangerous to the survival of the Mentasi tribes. Rambang Sawit, a wise old man, called for a summit meeting with all the tribal chiefs in Central Borneo where he meant to lay down the ground rules for their souvenir taking return.

The tribes deliberated for several months with malaria incidences, and finally drew up a treaty among themselves and signed it in blood. It was agreed that the tribes would no longer war upon each other and that they would not avenge nor collect heads for reasons of bravery or manhood. Only the stringent Kaharingan headhunting demands were left untouched.

By reducing their own headhunting requirements to a minimum, the tribes had dealt themselves out as being simple savages. It spoke rather well for these Wild Men of Borneo to have suddenly become a people aware, a people able to integrate a new view of life with certain forms of social organization and progress.

But many Dyaks, upon receiving the news, found it difficult to become law abiding citizens overnight. They were products of their traditions and their ancestral rites ran deep and sometimes bloody. These Dyaks found it impossible to behave themselves and then, in a moment of embarrassment, attempt to say "excuse me" when it was too late.

During the Indonesian Revolution in 1945 the Dyaks had a field day for four continuous years. Many a dead person was sent his long promised manservant and a few thousand souls were flown non-stop to paradise and all at the expense of the Dutch.

Years later, in 1959, the new Indonesian capital Djakarta caught wind of the pagan practice and outlawed headhunting through an official act of Parliament. The blank words punched on the parchment called headhunting clearly "murder."

But Djakarta was miles away and the Dyak was safe in his jungle. It did not surprise this writer to learn that religious headhunting persisted in the villages of Tolangkah Ajan and Kantan Palai on the Seruyan River in 1968. In 1970 two of my next door neighbors were missing from the village of Lubuk Kawan because Sungai Hanja, a village one day north by canoe, was celebrating a funeral at the time!

Cutting off a man's head was done with the mandau and, as the decreeing instrument, it was a good choice. The Dyaks also have eight foot blowguns that are capable of shooting deadly poisonous arrows with great accuracy. But the tiny headhunter stands four and a half feet tall at best, and he found that the sumpitan was rather unhandy and cumbersome while running through a tangled dense jungle. To poison a man prior to taking his head was in bad taste anyway.

When the mandau emerged as the decapitating weapon, it became sacred. The headhunter believes that a magic power lives within the knife itself, and since he believes himself to be his own magician he can conjure up additional magic for his mandau whenever he feels it is necessary. Animals are sacrificed, the blood collected and the knives are worshipped in rituals that offer both rice and blood to the mandau spirits.

In the village of Tumbang Puan the mandaus have the short red hair from the armpits of orangutans worked into the carved handles. Some are covered with sheaths upon which circular imprints of Dutch coins reflect the number of heads the knife has to its credit, rather like the notches cut on guns during the Wild West days in the United States.

I saw a few mandaus in Central Borneo that had been made from Japanese bayonets, the Rising Sun sharply stamped near their handles. Although the Japanese did not invade Tumbang Puan during their occupation in World War II, it is a fair conjecture that the Dyaks of Tumbang Puan invaded the Japanese on the shorelines.

"We go to house of Unda," Panggul said. "He still have home and he wait for you. He show you all Dyak weapons."

We walked through the mud toward the grass shack Unda called home. The jungle was rapidly fermenting now and it smelled of rot and decay. The Dyaks were moving the mud away from their houses. The dankness of the mud must have been stifling to the nostrils. Some of the men were bowed by the burden of awful heat and others by the burden of hard labor.

Most of the Dyaks had accepted the flood damage as a demonstrated animosity from their gods and they were bearing it out with work and silence. But there were a few men who were still jittery about my being in the village.

Unda's shank stood at a slight tilt. The flood waters had snatched two walls and carried them off somewhere but the floor had managed to hang onto its poles. There was dried caked blood on the doorstep from a recent sacrifice.

"Unda like you," whispered Panggul. "He not think you make water come to village."

Unda was a handsome Dyak. He was tiny and thin but his cheeks were fat and round and as bright as apples. He was grinning like a child who trusted everybody when he met me in the doorway and bowed me into his shank.

On the floor were arranged all kinds of weapons that Unda had brought out, not only from his own household but from the households of others. It was the most complete collection I was ever to see in Borneo.

Unda was holding a bamboo spear with a poisoned tip (*sulandop*) in his hand explaining how they are placed to protect a village when Jimy touched my elbow. "Mem, there's that man again!"

A great duster of white hair bobbed up and down at the side of the house at floor level. It bobbed in agreement with Grani's limp. At a high spot on the ground Grani's head moved up and his eyes appeared beneath the white hair and darted into the room like angry sentries. When he saw Unda and the Dyak weapons in front of him, he smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand in disgust.

Grani climbed the ladder, his chest pumping like a bellows, stopped in the doorway to catch his breath against the wall, and sat down next to Unda. He was followed into the room by three gruff and mean looking Dyak men and a young boy with a badly deformed leg.

"He bring son with him. He crazy too!" Panggul said. "Other men helpers of Grani."

Unda turned to nod at Grani, picked up another knife and continued his explanations.

"This duhung is dagger," he said, "used by healers. Has blade like snake. Cuts on both sides. Can use to kill enemy."

Unda paused a moment and during that pause a snarling noise filled the room. The sound had come from Grani.

Panggul listened and then he turned to Sjem. There was a frown on his face and his eyes had darkened.

"Grani want to know why Unda show Dyak secrets," he said quietly.

Grani raised his hands in the air, made them into tight fists and growled again, and this time the growl was edged with anger.

A few minutes dripped by and no one spoke.

"Maybe we should leave now," I whispered to Sjem.

Panggul rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Grani say Unda give you Dyak secrets. He want you give secrets too," he said.

"You don't have to do anything," said Abdul.

Two of the gruff Dyaks moved around and sat on either side of Abdul, and they kept him still and unmoving with intimidating stares.

One of our soldiers was leaning against the doorframe. He pushed himself off the frame, sauntered into the center of the room, and sat down in front of Grani. He looked at Abdul and then he snipped his hand around the butt end of the pistol that was hidden inside of his shirt.

Grani was outraged that anyone would sit in front of him. He let out a thundering howl and then stomped his foot on the bamboo floor. He was still howling as he scooted himself out from behind the soldier and across the floor until he had arrived between Unda and the knives.

The soldier stayed where he was but he watched the old man with intent, unmoving eyes and he seemed to be enjoying what he saw. A queer smile played over his lips as he lifted his shirt and unsnapped the button on the leather holster and withdrew the pistol and laid it across his legs. The Dyaks had never seen a pistol and the gun meant nothing to them, but the sight of it alarmed those of us who knew of its dangers.

None of us including Panggul really knew what to do.

Jimy pulled out a crushed pink square of gum from the pocket of his trousers.

"Chew it and make a bubble and give a piece of it to the boy, Grani's son."

When an enormous pink globule billowed forth from Jimy's mouth, the Dyaks were bewildered and then flabbergasted. They stared at the bubble with puzzled eyes and leaned forward the better to see. When the bubble burst, the Dyaks laughed, slapped their hands together and punched one another to be certain that the other had not missed seeing the event.

But Grani was wrapped up with disappointment. His eyes narrowed to more than half closed and there was a little light of madness glinting in them.

Grani turned and spouted a stream of mumbles at Panggul, who lowered his head and said: "He say this no magic."

"Well, maybe this will help. Tell Grani I'll put his son's face on a piece of paper. Tell him he can carry the paper with him and look at the face whenever he likes. It will be a present."

Grani liked the idea and he nodded in furious agreement. I took the Polaroid camera from its case and shot the picture with the last bit of film that I had.

Grani took the picture in his hands. He held it slowly in front of his eyes, squinted, moved the photo away, and then he looked at his son and back to the picture again. When the irrelevancy of the photograph finally related to his son's face, he burst out laughing. It was a shrill cackle filled with insanity.

"Panggul, can we leave now?"

Panggul answered, but no one heard him. Grani was pounding the bamboo floor with his fist, and when he was finished he shook his fist at me and yelled at Panggul at the same time.

"He wants more magic," Panggul said quietly.

It may seem strange to the Westerner that a guest is not allowed to leave the presence at a Dyak unless he has permission. To get up and simply walk away from these natives would automatically cast all kinds of suspicions upon our group and those suspicions would follow us wherever we went, along with a few Dyaks at our heels and all of them endeavoring to make those suspicions a reality. Unde had the power to grant our departure, but the man sat dumbly on the floor trying to understand the sudden turn of events. A blank incomprehension had invaded his face and had left his mouth loose.

There was an exchange of Indonesian, Dyak, and [illegible] and Sjam said, "Yes, Panggul thinks he can get us gracefully out of here in a few minutes."

Bubble gum had adhered itself to the Polaroid picture and Grani began to pick at the sticky strings. The photo pulled apart. He puckered his brows together and frowned darkly. He looked at the boy and at the picture again and suddenly he threw out his arm and smashed his fist into the child's cheek. The boy screamed and covered his face with his arms before Grani hit him another blow on the head.

And then I did something I was to regret the rest of my life. I switched my tape recorder to "on" position as Grani struck his son again and again. Blows to the head, shoulders, body and smashing strikes to the face and all the time Grani screamed and screeched his disappointments over the torn photograph. He tore at the boy with his fingernails and left bleeding wounds on the child's arms and legs. When the boy tried to escape by crawling across the room, the three gruff Dyaks grabbed the child by his foot and brought him back again.

I rewound the tape and flipped the switch to "play" and Grani's voice transmitted through the speaker.

Grani stopped beating the child and looked up. His eyes squinted irritably across the room, searching for the source of the grating voice. Then he saw the little black box.

The man was reduced to madness. His eyes became crazed, the saliva in his mouth thickened and frothy bubbles began to erupt from the corners. "You take my soul!" he screamed. "You take my spirit away and put in black box!"

Grani was surrounded by Dyak weapons, all of them laced up neatly in front of him. One of the Dyaks pushed a mandau closer to him with his foot, and Grani grasped it in his black hand and raised its blade high above his head. He lowered the knife, banged it to the floor and the sharp cutting edge splintered the bamboo. "This mandau cut many heads!" he bellowed. "This mandau now cut off head of you!"

Grani gulped air as he shuffled himself into a standing position. He lurched forward. The three Dyaks rushed to help him, stood on either side, and held their hands out to keep away anyone who might interfere with Grani.

Grani wound the mandau up in a clockwise motion, sprang forward and swung the knife at me. The blade passed over my head by mere inches.

Panggul and the two soldiers jumped to their feet at the same time. One of the soldiers stuck his fist into the face of the Dyak nearest him and the blow flattened the man to the floor. The other soldier jabbed the barrel of his pistol into Grani's stomach. The old man screamed out with the pain from it.

The gun fired and the noise of the explosion was deafening. The bullet had narrowly missed Grani's left leg. Panggul jerked himself up, stretched his hand over the soldier's wrist and chopped down hard. With a flinching motion he bent the soldier's wrist and sent the gun clattering to the floor. He put his bare foot on top of it. The soldier backed off, grimaced, and held his right wrist with his left hand.

Panggul kept one foot on the gun and the other foot holding Grani's shoulders to the floor. He waved his hand in a signal for us to leave.

My legs felt stiff and immovable as we climbed down the log ladder onto the muddy ground. A dizziness with edges of pain touched my forehead.

When we reached the riverbank we heard footsteps behind us and we turned to see Panggul standing there panting from exhaustion.

"We must leave Tumbang Enan," he gasped. "Hurry!"

Panggul said something to Sjam and then ran toward Chief Tum's shack.

"Let's go," Sjam said. "Panggul said that two of our soldiers borrowed a canoe and went back down the river. They've got malaria."

We crept out into the river's muddy water and got into the canoe. Seconds later Panggul came flying down the riverbank and we slid off into the current, heading downstream.

Grani and a committee of Dyaks stood on the riverbank, staring after us.

And then they plunged into the jungle in pursuit. All of them had mandaus in their hands.

Panggul had set our new course to Tumbang Rasau, a village on the Kalang River. He thought we could reach it within two days, but the great flood waters of the previous week had already flushed themselves away and the river was left shallow, rocky and tough to travel.

It was our third day out; we had not eaten for the last twenty-four hours, and the grinding jungle living was beginning to show its effects on all of us. At each turn of the paddle the bones stuck out from the backs of the men, bones that had been padded with firm flesh a month ago. Abdul's plump cheeks had become sunken, shallow cups beneath his eyes, and the soldier seated next to him looked out through eyes that glittered with fever.

All of us were suffering horribly from weather-punished skin, skin that burned and peeled and burned again before it could heal. Our gums bled, hair fell out, and we were covered with the ugly, weeping staph lesions that come from malnutrition and plagued our bodies with promised threats of infection. Jungle rot moved in under our armpits, and jungle fungus grew beneath our toenails and left them soft and yellow like butter, and sometimes bleeding. From time to time a man would search his neighbor's face to reassure himself that he was better off than the other. It was pitiful and it was draining.

"Oh-oh—if I know my husband we're in for quite a lecture!"

In the late afternoon we rounded a bend in the river and imperceptibly Tumbang Rasau stretched out in front of us. The joy we felt was instantly replaced with fear. There was a blank, white emptiness about the village and the air was frightened with silence.

Panggul stood up in the canoe and thrust his head far forward. He cocked his head to one side to hear better and then frowned deeply. A strange look moved into Panggul's eyes. "Not good here," he whispered, more to himself than to anybody else. Then the ghastly, gnawing smell of death lowered itself over all of us and even the grasses bent beneath it.

"My God!" gasped Sjam.

There were two dead children lying on the riverbank at the entrance of the village. Their faces were blank. The sun had twisted and warped their naked bodies and left the skin shriveled up like dead leaves stretched tight and shiny over sharply pointed bones. Their eyeballs were gone, eaten out by some monstrous thing, and in their place were two staring black walls of horror. Both of the faces grinned through withered lips at an agony they had experienced while living. Their hair had been hacked off and some of their fingernails were missing. They were Dohoi Dyaks, from a tribe that would make a funeral from the hair and nail clippings someday.

Panggul licked his lips to draw saliva into his mouth and said, "Wait in boat." He pinched his lips together in a tight line against the pain of the odor and disappeared into the village.

In the distance there was a faint scraping sound. A dark, ill-defined figure appeared and walked to a small mound of piled earth and squatted there for a moment and then jumped off into a nearby ditch. The scraping noise began again and with each scrape a little spurt of dirt flew up into the air. Grave digging. One more grave was being dug next to the fifteen tiny burrows already lined up side by side.

Panggul reappeared, wavering slightly, his eyes as dim as though they were seeing nothing lost and far away.

"Many die," he said softly with tears in his eyes. "Sixteen now dead. Maybe cholera."

We moved out into the center of the river and looked back at the poor, sad-eyed village and sorrow settled into our hearts. But the saddest heart of all lay in Panggul's breast.

The soldier had lost his mind. At some time during the night the raging fever that lived within his brain had transformed the man from sane to mad.

He was a living man but there was no resemblance of it. When he talked, it was in whispers and you could hardly make out what he was saying. Once he said, "I'm hot! No, I'm cold!" as though those two opposites might balance themselves and make things right again, and then his body shook and trembled and he made pathetic little appealing gestures with his hands like some despairing, helpless creature. And then he didn't whisper or move anymore.

There were pounding fevers written on the red, splotchy faces of the two policemen, and their eyes were glassy under it. And when the morning's great white sun began to burn like a hot nickel in the sky, the two men fell away under the heat like wilted flies. The trip was over for them too.

We were stunned by the sickness and disease that were so rapidly felling the members of the expedition, and we were scared too. The sick men were the forerunners of a promised calamity for those of us who continued and we felt the hearts of defeat.

Panggul assured us we would find a village soon and so we continued northward. But it was a restless day, one that bleached and dulled and disheartened us.

After seven days of river travel we reached Tumbang Hedjan, and our hearts gushed with joy at the sight of the village.

We had arrived in time for a celebration and the afternoon rushed on with festivities. The natives were preparing for Thanksgiving, because some of their dreams had finally come true and every shanty bubbled with the excitement of it. The news of the celebration arrived on the lips of a little child.

His name was Embang. He was the most beloved of all youngsters in Tumbang Hedjan, and the other children followed him about all day, hoping to reflect a little of the glow of his spirit. When Embang spoke his voice was low and musical, and when he laughed he sent out long ribbons of laughter that colored the air and overcame everyone nearby with giggles. Embang was without shyness of any kind as he sat down and gently pushed his hand into mine. When I felt his thin, bony fingers, it stirred my heart. Looking down at his hand I was shocked to see that my own hand was beginning to resemble his.

In the afternoon I taught Embang a little nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. He echoed the melody with no effort and then memorized the lyrics, although he could not understand the Indonesian words.

Embang watched with intent, interested eyes as I wrote the day's happenings in my journal. He asked to feel the paper and see the little marks on it and then he begged to write too.

He had never seen a ball point pen. He held it in his hands and turned it over and over, rubbing the sides with his fingers and clicking the point in and out, all the time laughing and giggling. After a few tries he copied the printed letters that spelled his name and then he looked up with wide eyes.

"Is my name ya? Embang! Embang! Embang!"

The sweet, dark tones of his voice hung over the room, and then he flew through the doorway of the shack and into the village to show everyone that his name was written on paper. He was beside himself with happiness.

We lost one of our policemen the morning following the celebration. Cholera. He was delirious with fever as the witch doctor lifted him into the canoe and set off for Tumbang Ramei.

The expedition that began with fifteen people had dwindled to seven hungry and scared individuals who had learned [illegible] living like the Dyak headhunters with no food, no medicine and no hope.

There is nothing in the world like a mighty jungle to display one's insignificance. We were whipped and we knew it.

Panggul had never given up, but when he saw the sick policeman off he knew that if we wanted to live it meant returning to civilization. "Civilization" was a seven-day journey down the river to the village of Kuala Kuayan.

The day yawned wide open and the sun spread its hot shine on the earth as our Dyak friends lined the riverbank to see us off.

When our canoe slipped into the frothy, seething world of white rapids, above the roar a tiny voice was heard singing a nursery song about a cockatoo that had lost its teeth. We looked back at the village. On the mudbank, below the shaggy vines, were written the giant letters that spelled EMBANG. And above the letters a little child was waving.

Yesterday and all the other yesterdays had been churned up and ground away, and what had happened was so vague and distant that no one could remember it.

We had passed the village of Tumbang Ramei four days ago and someone recalled that the two dead children had disappeared from the riverbank. We pressed on to the village of Ngaban, only to find it was one we could not enter. Large palm fronds flanked the entrance painted to depict death masks. They warned the outsider to pass into the village at his own risk. Panggul suggested that cholera had struck the village too, and it was probably true according to the death odor that hung about the place.

Tumbang Asni had been abandoned. The tall pantars (tomb monuments) rose skyward through the jungle trees and published the deaths in the village.

As we pressed on, disaster struck our expedition with a dry viciousness. The river was seeded with huge jagged rocks, crouching like guardians at the entrance of the village. The river abruptly picked up speed and the energy of the current mix mustered itself against the rocks and tossed and turned our canoe about with abandon.

The bow of the canoe dived into one of the rapids, turned itself around and then thwacked into a jutting rock on the right [illegible]. The impact of the blow shifted the weight in the canoe and we were overturned and thrown into the foaming waters. The boat hit five of us broadside and carried us with the surging current. We were plummeted down a ten foot waterfall into the furiously churning waters below.

Miles downstream we recovered the canoe and found ourselves wet and stone bruised but without broken bones. An inventory sadly revealed one lost camera, innumerable rolls of exposed film, one of the cooking pots, and both paddles. It was an unspeakable heartbreaking disappointment.

Panggul said that Kamba Hai, the river devil, had wanted to kill us. I felt that the jungle was trying to kill us too. The trees dropped their limbs over the river, and those limbs scratched and tore at our faces and bodies and left us lacerated and bleeding. Sometimes the trees harbored poisonous vines that buried their sharp thorns in our flesh and festered into half-dollar sized sores blistering into hideous infections.

Our canoe dragged along the dark, winding river looking for its own help. When it snagged itself on a rock, we waited like ships on a flood tide until the canoe was pushed off by the current and then we floated on down the river road again.

Hunger had followed us. The Dyaks in the last village had given us a few tapioca roots to eat, but we had gobbled them up during the first few hours on the river.

On the morning of the second day we passed below some low overhanging branches and a baby python dropped out of the tree and onto the shoulder of the policeman. The man grabbed the branches of the tree and steadied the canoe while Panggul shinned the trunk to reach the nest. The snakes were wiggling in all directions, and some of them dropped into the river, where we tried to snatch them with our hands before they escaped. Panggul smashed the heads of six pythons with his fist and threw them into the canoe. He cut off their heads and pulled the skins off like stockings. Then we boiled them and ate them.

It was hard to believe that it was only yesterday that the men had eaten their belts. Those that had them. The men had lost so much weight that when they removed their belts their pants slipped down over their hips.

The men had softened the leather in the river, digging into it with their nails to encourage the leather to absorb the water and then when they couldn't wait any longer they popped the rawhide into their mouths and it was seemingly forever before they swallowed it.

In the evening the men looked over their shoes. They picked at the browned stitches on the soles with their fingernails and when they came loose they yanked the leather off and soaked it in the water. Jimy and I ate a piece of one of the soles from the rubber shoe. It had the flavor of old cardboard and was so tough that I couldn't break it down with my teeth. In final desperation, I swallowed the leather whole.

Except for leather belts and shoes we had had nothing to eat for two days. We were passing through an area where the sky was clear of birds, the river so low that no fish could live in it and the jungle so densely tangled that not even a snake could crawl through it.

All of us felt the blackening weakness that comes with hunger. That weakness canceled our judgment and our minds were lethargic, filled with grayness. We had traveled too fast, too early and, somehow, too late. We were shocked to find ourselves now starving to death.

All the things that made life meaningful had stopped. Ideas, little happenings, feelings, thoughts, remembrances had all stopped. Even the distaste for the ever present heat and hunger had left us.

Some of the men were thinking of eating each other.

And then, lethargy moved in and none of us had the spirit to go on and no longer the need to go on. We were dragged onward only by the knowledge that the canoe was moving beneath us.

Abdul's nerves had finally let go, and now his hands shook incessantly. He gripped the side of the canoe with his right hand in an effort to control the shaking that had abruptly invaded his body, and the skin over his knuckles burst open and the blood ran thickly off his fingers into the river. He muttered under his breath and raised his hand to his mouth and licked off the blood with his tongue.

The condition of the soldier was mournful. He looked like a broken bundle of sticks, muddy and blood caked. He clawed continually with his skinny hand at the annoying hurt that lived within the broken bridge of his nose. The skin had been scraped off and the bone could be seen. The swelling from the break had closed his eyes.

Sometimes he fainted off into unconsciousness, and when he did his head would drop back against the policeman sitting behind him. Lately the fainting spells were more frequent and lasted longer.

During one of his unconscious moments, he sucked on his underlip and bit it with his teeth. The lip splintered and blood percolated over his mouth and slipped down his chin in a little red line.

The sores on the policeman's temples had punched themselves out into the shape and color of red yellow strawberries and looked like festering boils. The great pustules had developed from pellagra, and a few of these were punched on his eyelids. They made his eyes look bulgy and swollen and his eyelids, raw and red, could not stretch over them. One of the lumps, in the corner of his left eye, had already broken open and a thin white matter dripped out and wet his cheeks.

Sjam lived within her own house of silence and looked out from it with grave calmness. She was a woman to whom hardship had proven incentives to fierce determinations. She had an idea that there was no heroism in starving to death, and if she were going to die she would give it a touch of dignity and without hysterics of any kind

His skin was yellowed and shrivelled and skin seemed thick in the stomach as though there was a great swelling there but his shirt fell loosely over the protuberance without showing its shape or size.

Panggul had unwittingly scratched his face with his fingernails and was left bleeding in his own beard. The wound was white and it glistened with purulence because it was infected and spreading. The skin under his arm wizened and left tiny, dull grey pouches hanging like hammocks beneath his lids.

Panggul suffered from a different kind of pain. His skin quivered as he tightened his lips over his mouth to stifle the sob that was trying to escape from his throat. He now sat staring at him and said "I sorry. I very sorry." and he tried to smile a little.

He felt guilty because he had brought us into the jungle and he was suffering the shame of its effects on us. It had been nearly two years since he had visited this Mentaja area, and the conditions had worsened beyond his imagination.

Jimy was sick. Last night he had said "I just got a stomach ache" but the color of his face indicated much more. He had spent the night somewhere between pain and sleep. The aches scampered around in his stomach and through his bones, and in their vicious grip he fought the nausea and fever and chills that accompany influenza.

In the morning his eyes were streaked with the bright yellow arrows of hepatitis.

Jimy lay weakly in my arms and I could feel his body struggling against the pains and all the while he was telling me that he felt just fine. And then he said suddenly "Gee Mom. Your eyes are yellow!"

It was likely that I had hepatitis—every one else in the expedition did. And from the aching bones and nausea that swept through me from time to time, I suspected that I had a touch of influenza too.

My head began to throb. There were small blinding hammers that staccatoed rhythmically against my temples and behind my eyes. The small hammers gave way to sledge hammers and my head pulsed with pain from the pounding.

The throbbing and thrashing aches were sent from my head to nibble at the back of my neck, and there they built themselves into greater pains that traveled on into the shoulders. My muscles were left rigid and tight with torment.

I didn't know what was happening to me and dread began to gather in the corner of my mind. I tried to put a name to what I was feeling and to call it something that was familiar to me. And then, abruptly, the pain tossed out a cold shiver that left me shaking and trembling and the dread turned to panic. Malaria.

One moment I was freezing with cold and the next burning up with the heat. My heart raced faster and faster with the attack of the fevers. I clenched my teeth together so tightly that they loosened and then blood ran from the gums.

The shaking seizures went on and on and they were still going on when the distorted phantoms born of a raging fever danced before my eyes. And then death seemed strangely friendly and deep, a welcomed brother.

I fought for the sanity of consciousness by clinging to thoughts about Jimy until my eyelids felt heavy, very heavy, and I closed my eyes. And there was nothing.

Panggul squatted on his haunches beside me, his dark eyes were brimming with gentle tenderness.

"We in Kalah Telawang," he whispered. "We come last night. Dukun [witch doctor] make well for you now."

Malaria is a horrendous and debilitating disease. My head still throbbed and the sweat tremors were chasing each other through my body, but after one look around the shack we were in, my curiosity woke up and took a fresh start. The scene was guaranteed to fire terror into the heart of a sick person and make him well again.

All kinds of junk were scrambled together on the floor and walls and ceiling, and everything was covered with dust and spider webs. There were shells, pods, dried leaves and roots, and in little baskets there were sticks of some kind standing straight up like soldiers, and in clay pots bugs were floated about in black oil. In the four corners of the room were branches and long gnarled roots and bones. Some of the bones had come from humans—femurs and tibias, and there were a couple of human skulls hanging from the wall by a rotten string that had been punched through a hole in the top of the skull and then looped down and came out of the mouth. There were antlers still imbedded in the skulls of deers hanging from the ceiling that must have been centuries old. Other curiosities even Panggul could not identify, but it was certain that they were treasured in the mind of the witch doctor.

At the age of over one hundred years the witch doctor was not a brisk person. He shuffled himself over to where I was lying and he looked like he hurt all over.

He dropped the few inches necessary to squat beside me, and the squat crowded his stomach up against his chest and his breath pushed out a vile odor. He leaned forward a little, breathing and appraising me with his eyes, and began to mumble some kind of chant beneath his breath. A squirt of betel nut juice drooled out of his toothless mouth and hit me on the chest.

"I understand she's only seventeen"

Abruptly, unpredictably, the old man hurtled himself across my body and grabbed my waist with his gnarled hands and buried his head in my stomach. The shock that I felt was too deep for utterance.

When he finally straightened himself up, he pushed his forefingers on my eyes and pressed so hard that little specks of white lights danced under the lids.

He slowly rose to his half standing position, and every tendon in his crooked legs creaked at the strain of so much movement. He turned to Panggul and squinted his bird eyes until the upper lid skin nearly shut them, and solemnly announced that my condition was serious but not grave.

Meanwhile, he mentally drew up a little list of all the things he had to do to produce a cure.

It took him nearly an hour to get things ready. At my feet he put two little wooden men holding raised mandaus. Their duty was to fend off the evil spirits if they dropped by while the doctor was busy with something else.

A large brass gong was suspended from the ceiling just above my head and the witch doctor hit it with a stick every time he passed by. Then he parceled out his leaves and roots and bones and seeds into a heap around me and to such a height I couldn't see over the top.

He dropped to the floor, panting and throbbing from the exertion of the assemblage.

It was dusty inside there and difficult to breathe. When I could no longer calm the anxiety I felt for my escape, I peeked over the wall and took a breath of fresh air. The witch doctor was crouched up in the far corner of the room talking to a large mask he held in his hands.

I was worried and afraid but too weak to care. I collapsed into the bottom of the hay stack and tried to make myself as small as possible.

Suddenly there was a rattling noise and a long string of pig bones jumped over the top of the nest and the mask peered over the edge to see if I was still in there.

When it was gone, a drum appeared and the witch doctor squatted behind it. He began to beat out a rhythm meant to inform the gods what he was up to and to solicit their help at the same time.

When his gnarled fingers could take no more beating, the doctor stood and started performing the mindless steps that were meant to provoke self hypnosis.

I sat up. The witch doctor was groveling on the floor, half crawling on all fours, his breath coming hard, and his whole body pulsating with emotion. He stopped, pivoted around on his seat, and then struggled to sit up. As he crossed his bowed legs, a glob of betel nut juice spewed out from under the mask and ran down his chest in a red river. The old man coughed, grasped the white chin of his mask and raised it just enough to spit and then went back to being mesmerized again.

Abruptly he began scooting himself along on his derriere, pushing with his hands, until he had crossed the entire length of the floor. He lifted his mask again to see where he was, and then he picked up an object about the size of a small coconut. He tucked it beneath his arm, lowered his mask, and when he turned to scoot back, I lay down.

The object suddenly appeared in the air above me. It was the skull of an orangutan. The doctor held it upside down and shook it over my body. The bits of debris that filtered through the eyes and nose of the skull later proved to be crocodile dung.

The doctor slumped forward, unconscious. He collapsed the entire length of the hut when he fell.

It seemed an eternity before the old man came to, and when he did he was mumbling under his breath. Panggul held him as he removed the mask from his face. He gummed his betel nut, smiled a toothless grin at Panggul and announced that he was ready to deliver the prescription that had been revealed to him during his trancelike state—a prescription guaranteed to cure my serious condition."

I was digging my way out from under the sticks and bones when the delivery was made. Panggul translated:

"He says to wrap leaf around unborn rat. You swallow whole. Everything O.K."

The grass on the riverbank at Kuala Kuayan was still glistening with last night's rain drops, but Panggul was sitting on it anyway. There was a struggling expression on his face, as though he was trying to keep some kind of a secret to himself—one that was too slippery to hang onto much longer.

He smacked in his lower lip and opened his mouth to make a beginning, but it was a false start. He ran dry in the middle of it. He threw up his hands, shook his head from side to side, laughed out loud and suddenly the message blurted out. "My people are humble people. They not ask much of world. But tonight they ask to make you Dyak woman. They want make you and Jimy member of Dyak Iban tribe. Iban belian come. He comes with Dyaks from Ngaruin. They make ceremony for you."

Panggul stretched his arm across the little patch of grass between us, holding his mandau in his hands. It signified the surrender of his tribe's weapons. "Wait moon down tonight. Now, go away from village. Come when sun behind tallest palm tree."

As it turned out, I became a member of two tribes.

Night fell and the ceremony began. There was a rustling to the right of us and a dark shadow advanced toward us, the belian. He was awesome.

The authority of this man was so great, it was said, that his word was taken on any subject without question.

He walked heavily toward us, shuffling his feet a little to emphasize his step. There was so much gravity in his manner that the crowd hushed itself into a profound quiet.

When the belian arrived within a few feet of me, he dipped his hand into the enormous seashell he was carrying and began to sprinkle the ground with blood. As he sprinkled, he chanted the mantera, a prayer that was supposedly loaded with magic.

He ran out of blood and chant at the same time and stooped to pick up a water buffalo horn that had been propped up against a rock. It was the largest horn I'd ever seen, perhaps three feet long. It had been elaborately decorated with human hair, thick and heavy, cascading to the tip of the horn and past it.

"It filled with tuak!" said Panggul. "All get drunk! Oh, gods very happy now."

It is believed that when tuak is drunk in a horn from an animal thought of as both sacred and grave, the drinkers, too, are thus symbolized.

The belian pushed the horn into action by drinking from it himself and sending the horn on its rounds. The natives lipped the rim with deep swallows, one after the other, not troubling themselves to wipe the vessel's rim between gulps. It was filled and refilled and when the horn had finally circulated around to me, the hair was quite wet and drippy and a thin film of spill lie around on top.

"Mom," whispered Jimy, "are you going to drink it?"

I shut my eyes and lifted the horn to my lips. After the first dizzy swallow I felt quite brave.

Across the center path of the village the Dyaks had pulled a teakwood log and had decorated it with mandaus and hornbill feathers. The belian stomped around behind the log and Panggul and the Dyaks went with him. Jimy and I were left standing alone on the opposite side.

The belian announced: "You cut this portion [log] with mandau to the left, that all dangers and bad luck go. You cut this portion to the right and bring peace to tribe. You cut this portion through bottom so that sickness and disaster leave tribe."

It was a big order.

I unsheathed the mandau Panggul had given me and managed to chop through the teak without damaging myself too much. This effort completed the preliminary Tolak Bala ceremony.

The belian reached over and took my hand and steered me toward a bird's egg that lay on the ground. He asked me to step on it. This little ritual was supposed to cast off any evil spirits that might be dwelling on my body or clothing. Compared to cutting through a wood log, breaking the egg was a breeze. I enjoyed the additional prestige of being a good person, having smashed the egg completely.

We paraded down the center path in single file into an assembly shack where everybody sat cross-legged on the dirt floor. No one cared very much where he sat, and many found themselves ensconced in betel and spittle.

The ceremony began with music. It was music of the thinnest sorts because the Dyaks are sadly lacking in musical instruments. This is primarily due to the scarcity of materials and limited technology. But since they don't know this, the self-taught Dyak "musicians" strummed the *ketupa* and *rebab*, which were squeaky wood mandolin type affairs with one or two strings.

For a finale I was asked to participate in the *bujet bujet*, a dance of friendship. It was necessary, for one reason or another, to reinforce each step with a substantial sip of tuak. There were many steps, all of them highly complicated, and by the time we finished the dance we were all great pals.

At this point the belian announced that he would "secure" the village. He turned and marched outside, flailing his arms above his head as he went.

"What's he going to do?" asked Jimy.

"He see if any bad spirits come to village," said Panggul. "Or maybe enemy come. Belian must scare away."

When the belian returned he was grinning broadly. The grin set free the rumor that all was well. The rumor darted around the room with amazing speed, and in no time the belian felt the flattery of his own importance.

Now the great man stepped up with a large tuak-filled urn (*belang* or *tadjau*) and stationed it in the center of the dirt arena. (The clay in these urns is mixed with gold dust and the Dyaks believe that they are made with the help of the Sixth Heaven god. The sculptured dragons that poke through the brown pebbled glaze echo a Chinese influence, but the Dyaks swear that the Chinese imitated them. A native earns his social rank in a village by the number of urns found in his shack. If they are filled with tuak, then he is considered a very rich man.)

"Party goes well," said Panggul, and he flashed his brightest smile. "Many get drunk now!"

Panggul arose suddenly, straightened his shoulders. "Please! You come now," he said.

Jimy and I were ushered into the arena's center where a heated discussion was going on as to the exact location of the sunrise. When the dubious direction was finally determined, we were seated on brass gongs to face it. The Dyaks believe that Sang Hyang walked on the sun's rays to earth each morning, and they wanted to be sure that the god would notice us on his trip down.

Panggul puckered his brow in deep thinking, rubbed the tips of his fingers together and wondered what to do next. The belian jerked his head and snapped his fingers. The jerk and snap put Panggul in motion. "Before you Dyak woman, you must agree to laws of Dyaks."

Panggul droned out his long memorized list of tribal laws that dealt with property, marriage and inheritance. One more: "If stranger come to village and disturb tribe, stranger get highest punishment. You must kill stranger!"

Somewhere behind me a gong sounded and Panggul wrapped a wild pig bone necklace around my neck. It went around three times and it was terribly heavy. One of the bones dropped down and stuck itself inside my shirt collar and Panggul took the stretching of my neck to dislodge the bone as a nod of approval.

The belian descended upon us now, and clang as he came because he was armed with amulets and fetishes, heavy as well as plentiful. He stood before me and searched through the pile until he came upon two five inch wooden gods and he placed them at our feet.

Instantly two Dyak men wheeled up from the crowd and stood before them. They bowed in the direction of the belian and bowed to the gods, and then they pulled out their mandaus and cut their fingers open. They held their bleeding fingers over the gods, soaking their wooden skin with their bright red blood. One of the men had taken a noteworthy slice off the tip of his index finger which would probably bring regrets for his enthusiasm later. When the images were blood covered, the men retired to the side lines where they were commended by their friends for their achievement.

The wooden gods were considered naked until clothed in human blood. The moment was urgent because these gods were to be used as witnesses to the ritual and to glorify those who performed it.

Suddenly the amulets and fetishes began to slip out from the belian's arms. They tumbled onto the floor and spread themselves out in all directions. A moment of hysteria resulted which left the bewildered belian momentarily robbed of his self control. He beat his arms rather helplessly against his hips and rolled his eyes to the heavens. Then he pinched his brows together and with a repaired determination he scraped the magic charms into one heap with his foot.

He looked around as though uncertain as to what to do next. He was plainly out of practice.

He worked his mouth from side to side as he thought, and when an idea finally arrived, he ran to a corner of the room and returned with a small tree, which he shoved into my right hand. A side sprig from the sabe bulum tree had been tied to the tree. I was told to point my index finger skyward against the trunk but beneath the sprig because this gesture would beckon the attention of the gods. It was no time at all before my finger felt more painful than had it been amputated.

All kinds of antics began to tunnel into the belian's head now, and he acted as though he knew what he was doing. He went about the business nearly feverishly, placing his fetishes here and his amulets there, half running about the task before he was finished.

He stood back and admired his work. He had built a highly complicated and formal arrangement of Dyak junk over, around and under his two ornaments of the celebration, Jimy and me.

Our feet straddled a large and sharply jagged "sacred" rock. A heavy fish net that smelled of yesterday's catch was wrapped around our waists and hind ends, combined with the burning of a strong smelling wood, thought to be incense, burned beneath our noses. On top of all this were the amulets and fetishes.

The room was quiet now. The newcomers were sitting cross-legged on the floor with their hands folded in their laps, and the Dyaks sat with their legs drawn up against their chests. Most of the Dyaks had stretched their arms out to hang over their knees so that their hands dangled loosely and were ready for action. Shining eyes stared at the belian, eyes afraid of missing a movement, gesture or expression.

The belian looked fearsome. His eyes shot out their own little yellow splinters of fire, and a clever smile was playing upon his lips. There was nothing reassuring about that smile.

The tree proved to be very little protection against the balian's glare. Jusy and I hovered beneath the now quaking leaves and smiled weakly at one another to keep up the other's courage.

The balian gave us a final stare, leaped to the side and trotted around the room in a circle. He repeated the circle, and then, midway, he turned, accelerated his speed, and arrived directly in front of us at nearly a dead run. His breath came heavily and he spat to clear his throat and then he threw back his head and howled: "God of Fire! Bring life to inner soul of woman and child!"

The air vibrated. I could hear the balian's breath whistling in his nostrils. He was directly above me but I was afraid to look at him.

And then, without warning, he lunged in through the tree and nearly knocked it over. I felt his hands touch my head and shoulders and throat, and all the time he was muttering little magic spells and humming to himself. His fingers were rough and violent as he rubbed a reddish brown mud of some kind on my neck and chin. The wet, runny stuff seeped down through my shirt and then ran over my shoulders and arms. Even today I do not like to think about the color of that mud.

The balian separated the branches of the tree and stooped in to inspect his work, hummed out a few more little magics and then stood up and splashed mud over my head and body without restraint of any kind. He repeated the mud and [illegible] then, and when he was finished I noted that he had elaborated on both of the procedures.

The balian pitched his voice to a new high sweetness, allowed an impressive rigidity to sweep over his posture, and then dripped a black oil called *undas* on my head. This oil is not unlike petroleum and serves as a repellent to evil spirits, or it was said. I felt the dark, oily slime travel over my scalp and onto my body, plugging up my ears as it went. The balian rolled his eyes up and chanted as he dribbled the oil on Jusy. When he was through, it was a certainty that no evil spirit would have dared to come near either of us.

A gray-brown haze hung in the room and my vision was becoming unreliable, but I was sure that the pot installed in front of us was filled to the rim with blood. It was black blood, clumped together. The odor that arose from it was sickening and thickly sweet.

The Dyaks stirred a bit and whispered between themselves. Their minds were turning over with curiosity because none of them knew what the balian was up to. Some of the Dyaks sniffed the blood from where they sat, flaring their nostrils at the smell of it.

The balian's eyes had retreated into the red-rimmed hollows of his head. He snatched up a woven palm leaf (*ketupat*) and made a few tentative drills into the lumpy blood. When he was satisfied that enough blood had clung to the leaf he looked up and grinned. He stood up, the blood dripping from the leaf spat, and started to chant. The chant began as a moan but changed into a scream. In the middle of the second chorus I felt the palm leaf touch my forehead and leave a little slot of blood there. The balian punched the leaf back into the pot, scooped up more globs and then dribbled blood on my eyes and nose, all the while screaming with energy and color in an effort to bless my life and soul.

He stopped to lick his lips. Then he began his chant again and the blood touched my body here, there and everywhere, and I thought surely there would be no end to it until I realized that the chant had stopped and the blood bath was over. The red scar trickled underneath my shirt and jeans, each trickle making its own little river path. When the slots moved, they tickled and some of the slots moved faster than others and still other slots mashed themselves between my clothes and skin.

One glance from Jusy told me that I looked more baleful and villainous than any headhunter who ever lived.

Now the balian was tying mali mali leaves on the feet of an anggang with small lengths of rattan. The bird was squawking in violent protest because his fingers were insensitive and commanding. When the feet were secured the balian put the bird on the floor and unsheathed his mandau, gently fondling the blade with his fingers. He let his thumb run the full length to test the sharpness of the edge and then laid it on the floor near the bird.

There was a dark secrecy building up in his eyes, a secrecy that leaked through into his voice; then the chant became intimate:

"*Mahyaku nyawa, nyawa semanya barung sang dawai, mahyaku ngatau, ngatau huse nu inah ahat, mahyaku kakura, lewe amera barung sang dawai, mahyaku kaotan, kaotau semanya tirung bita, nyanya hidup mayamn dyadja na!*"

"Spirits, spirits who make mountains tremble, spirits who make rivers flood, I wave live blood to the right, I wave live blood to the left, I hold live blood before you, white woman, obligating you to me forever!"

I was wondering what "obligating you to me forever" was meant to entail, but before I could give it much attention the balian was off sputtering another verse. His words came weakly now, falling off at the ends, and soon the chant became nearly beyond hearing. He coughed, attempted a fresh start, but his voice was gone for good.

The leaves on the little tree rustled and Panggul thrust his face in and said, grinning, "You all one Dyak woman now."

The balian picked up his great mandau, jerked it skyward and then let it fall upon the bird, and with one heavy blow the bird's head flew into the air and the anggang lay dead.

The balian looked with detachment upon the bright red blood that shot in little spurts from the hole in the neck. He put his mandau on the floor and positioned the bird over a coconut shell that had a little rice in the bottom. The balian held the shell as though it was some kind of beautiful jewel. He let the blood run into it until it was nearly half full. Then he stuck his index finger to the bottom of the bowl and stirred the rice and blood together. When they were well mixed he formed rice balls on the side of the shell with his fingers.

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And then, with red crusted fingers, the balian shoveled up a bloody clump, aimed with a fine accuracy, and I gagged the blood ball into my mouth. I swallowed.

It was over. I felt flattened. But bloated and faint. The room began to spin and Jusy became concerned over my fading appearance. He poked me softly with his elbow. "Gee, Mom!" he whispered. "Don't you want to be a headhunter?"

* * * * *

Eventually it became time to say goodby. Time to say goodby to Panggul. We were standing in the river water by his canoe in Sampit. The same canoe we had slept in, lived in, eaten in for the most part of our journey into the Mentaya jungle. There were little half-moon marks on the right side of it where my fingernails had dug into the wood during a malaria seizure; there were Abdul's bloodstains on the inside and bottom; and there were tears and perspiration in the canoe, although they did not show.

Panggul rubbed the side of the canoe with his thumb and then raised his eyes. His face was grave and serious. "I wait," he said, and the words were barely above a whisper. "I wait for you here. You have seen my people. You have seen the cost of their standard of living and you have seen what few have managed to survive.

"I hide nothing from you. You have seen the Dyak men sit on a little piece of land with no food, no medicine and no hope; a Dyak man with no purpose to fulfill and no reason for life anymore.

"I show you all this to make friendship with you. Now I ask you, do you take me to be your friend?

"If we are friends and if there is truth in God anymore, then we will meet again.

"So I wait for you, here I wait."

He climbed into his canoe, turned it toward the center current and paddled up the river. Back into the jungle to return to his people. And I was alone. Left with his tears running down my hand.

◆◆◆

Epilogue

At the end of 1968, Wyn Sargent walked out of the jungles of Central Borneo. Her experiences with the Dyaks made headlines in Indonesia and the news followed her to the United States. There, haunted by what she'd seen in the jungle, she began organizing the Sargent Dyak Fund to bring those little people on the brink of complete extinction the medicines and materials they'd need if they were to even have a hope of surviving.

Sjam coordinated efforts on the Indonesian side and by the end of 1969 they had foodstuffs, needs, adequate personnel and medicines ready for shipment. Then came the letter from Sjam: Panggul would not be waiting to meet her as he'd promised. He had died of malaria shortly after she had left for the U.S. He never saw his efforts come to fruition as the Dyaks, helped by the fund, rebuilt their lives.

In January 1973 Miss Sargent—at the urging of the Indonesian government—journeyed to West Irian to see what could be done for the tribes in that region. There she again made headlines when she and Obaharok—a Dani chief—were "married" in a symbolic wedding. The ceremony intended to halt hostilities between warring tribes of the region. Inadvertently it made world news when the Indonesian government, miffed by her harsh accusations of government brutality in the area, "asked" her to leave the country.

At this writing, Wyn Sargent is waiting for the time when she'll be permitted to return.

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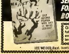
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